

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

10c

No. 100

APRIL

ANC

BIG SHOT

ANYBODY
SEE MY
EASTER
BUNNY?



BIG SHOT'S 100th ISSUE !



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

NOW ON SALE

IN THIS ISSUE



CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

DIXIE DOUGAN

10c

No. 12



IN THIS ISSUE



BIG
SHOT'S

BIG SHOT

100TH

ISSUE
PRESENTS:

SPARKY Watts

by
Boody
Roberts

AFTER CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY ATOMIC BOMBS AND GERM WARFARE, SPARKY WATTS AND DOTTY DASH DISCOVER THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE LEFT ALIVE ON EARTH...

YOU CAN'T PERFORM OUR OWN MARRIAGE CEREMONY, SPARKY--- YOU'RE NOT A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OR A MINISTER OR A--

BUT YOU AND I HAVE JUST ELECTED ME MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE--- AND A MAYOR CAN LEGALLY PRONOUNCE THE MARRIAGE VOWS!

IF BEING MAYOR ISN'T ENOUGH WE CAN ELECT YOU THE FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES---

--AND YOU CAN APPOINT ME AS CHIEF JUSTICE---- THAT'S ENOUGH TITLE TO CONDUCT ANY WEDDING!

YES---SINCE WE ARE THE ONLY TWO CITIZENS IN THE WHOLE WORLD I SUPPOSE WE CAN MAKE OUR OWN LAWS-----SO, MR MAYOR, WILL YOU PLEASE MARRY US!!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE--- WILL THE HAPPY COUPLE JOIN HANDS!

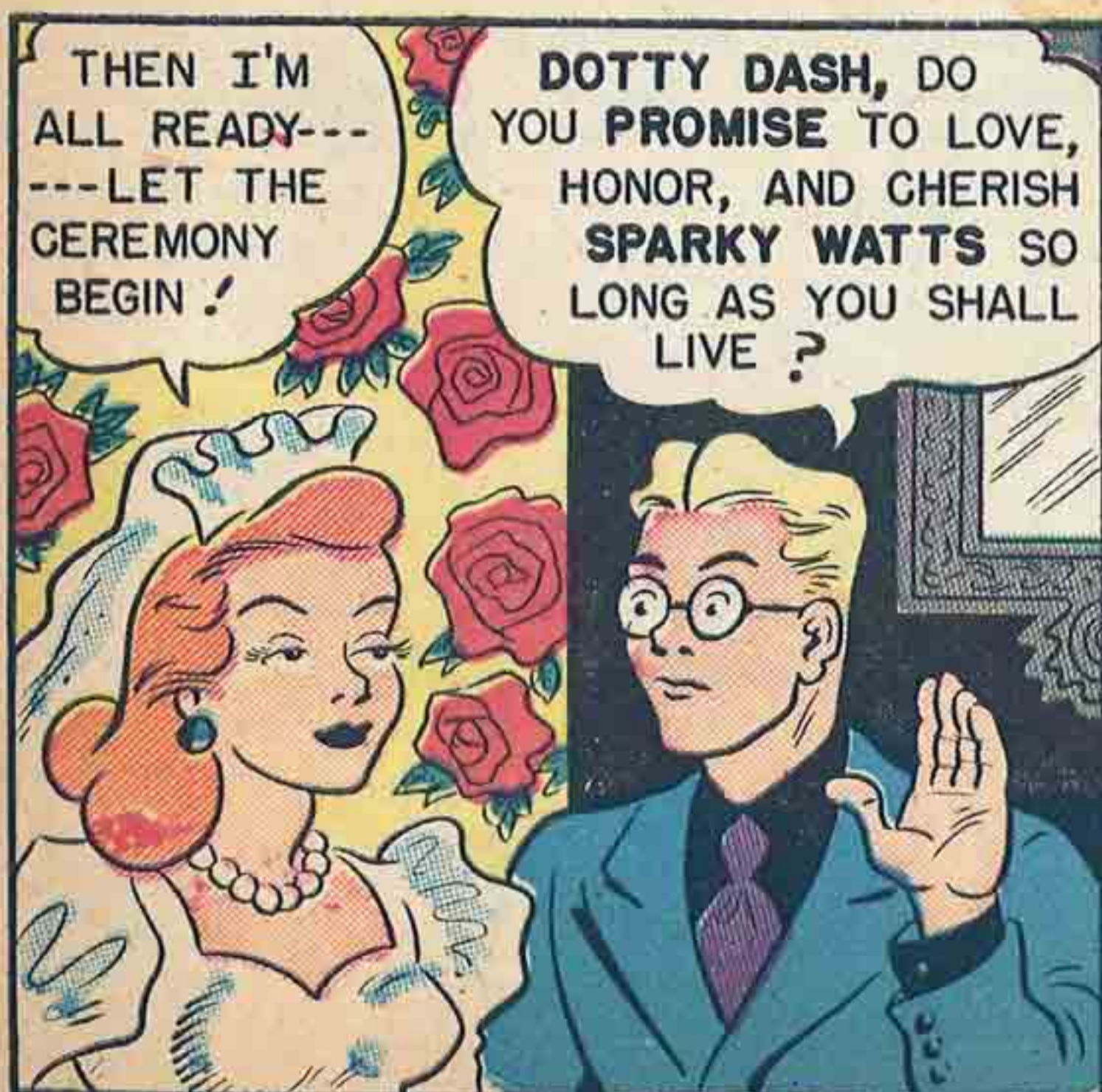
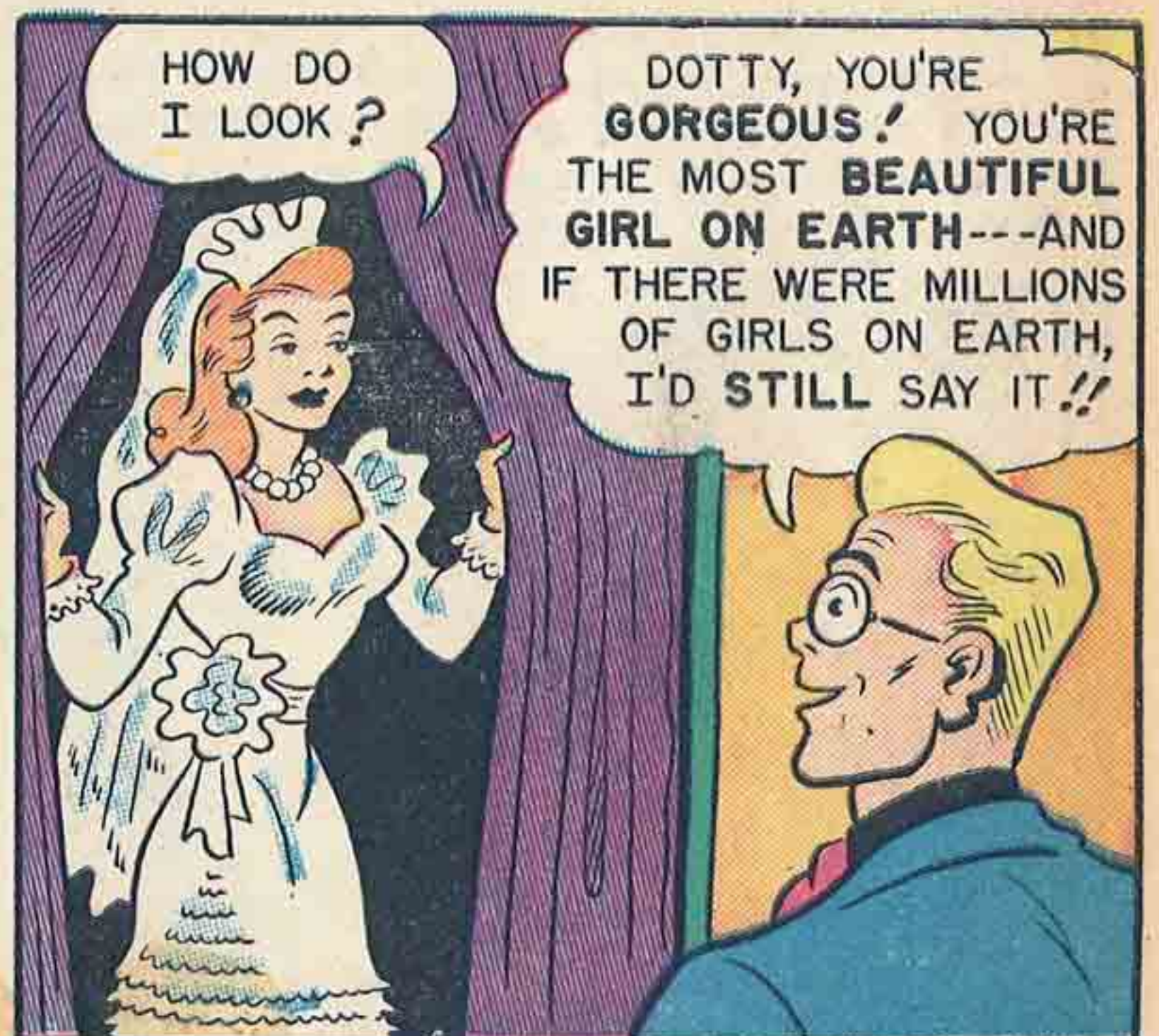
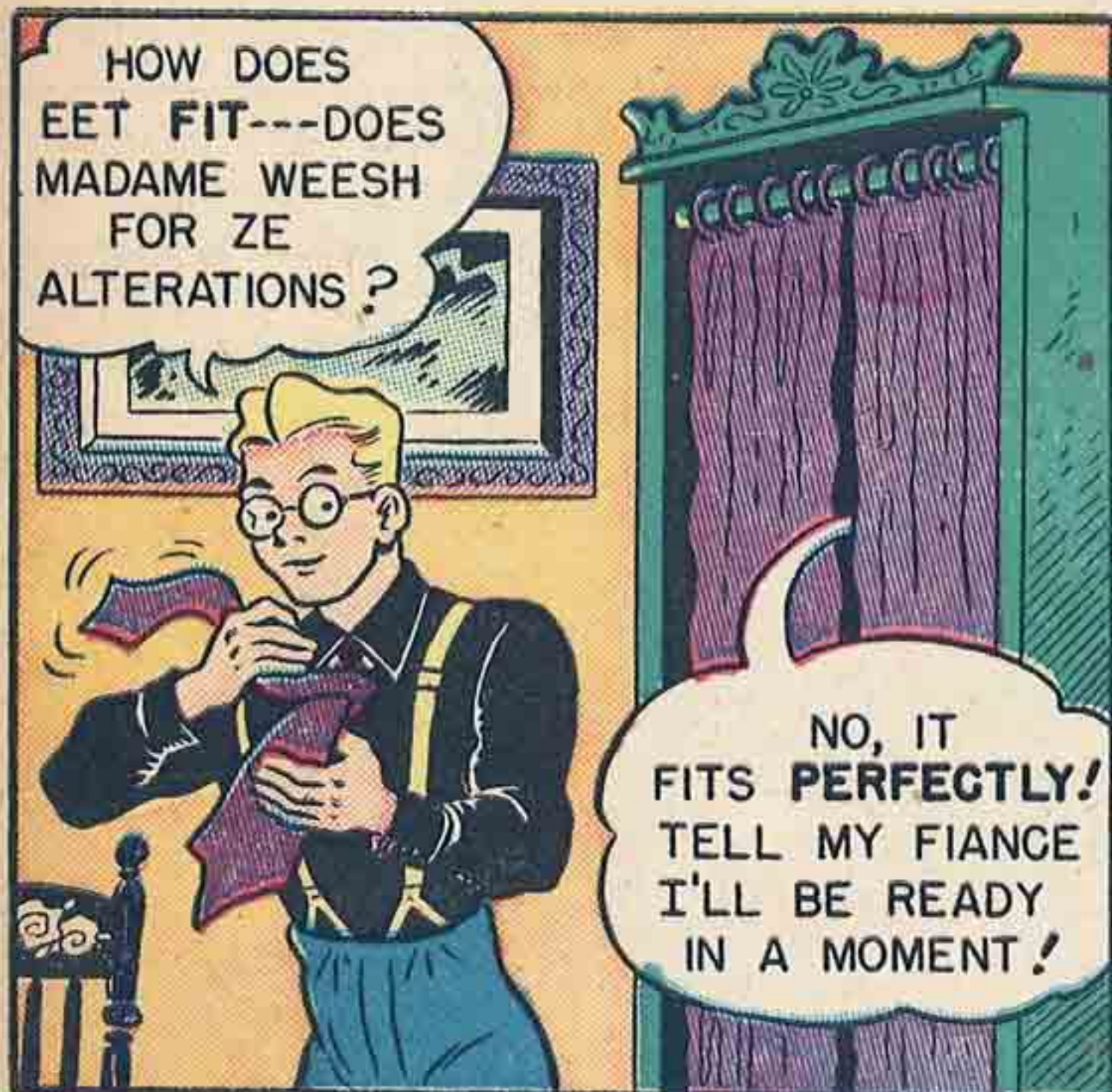
FRIENDS, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY TO UNITE THESE TWO PEOPLE IN THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY----

**WAIT!
STOP THE
WEDDING!**

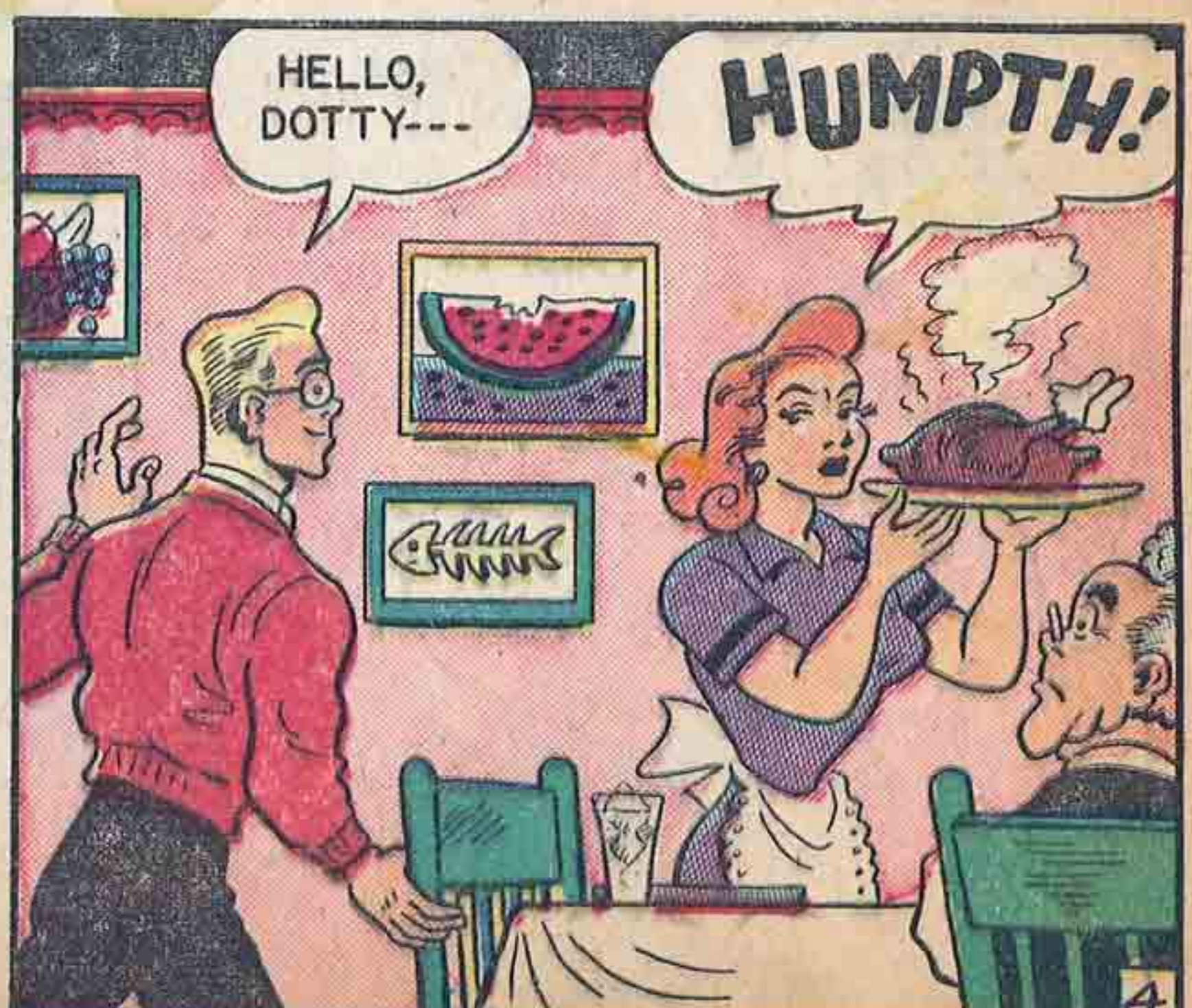
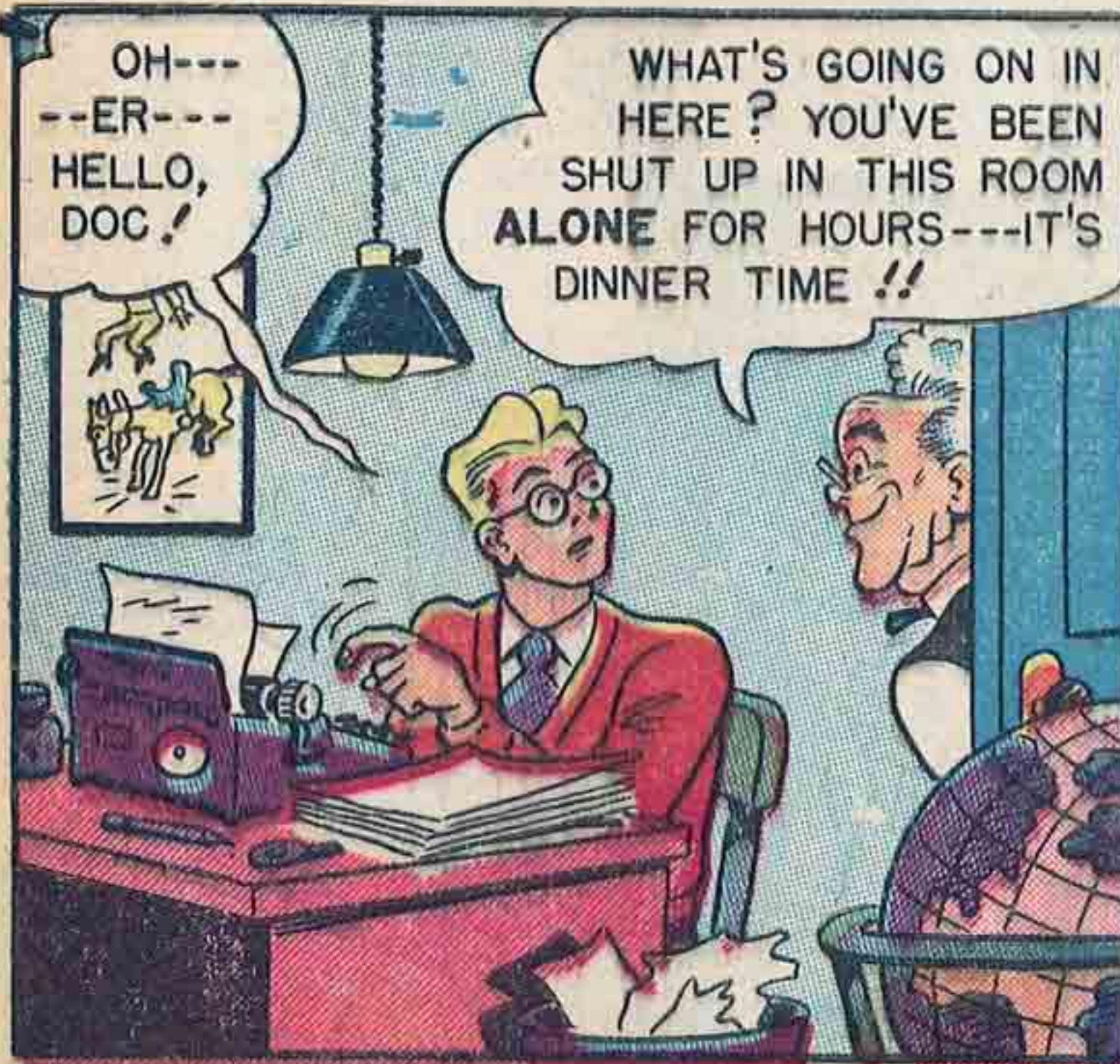
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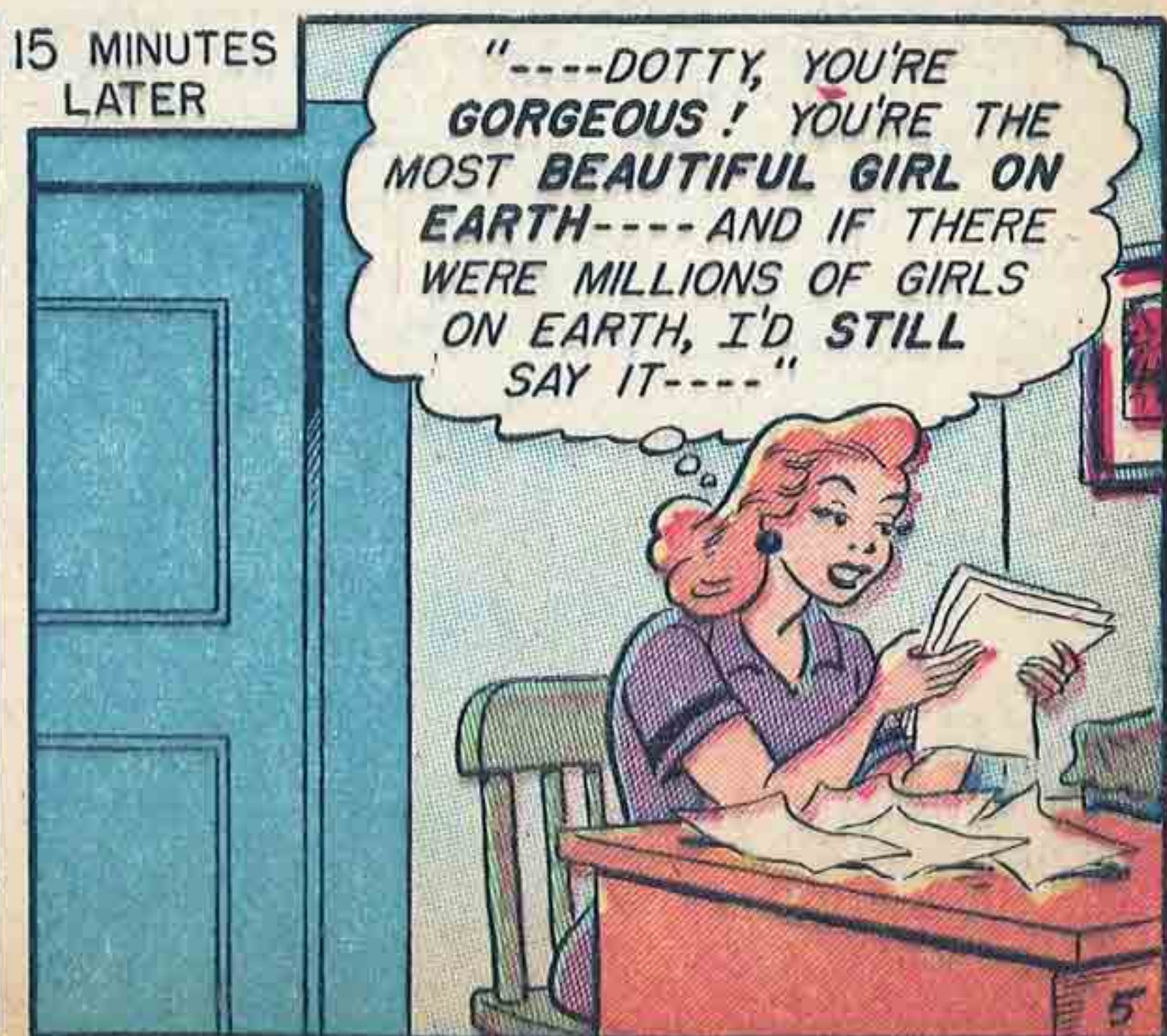
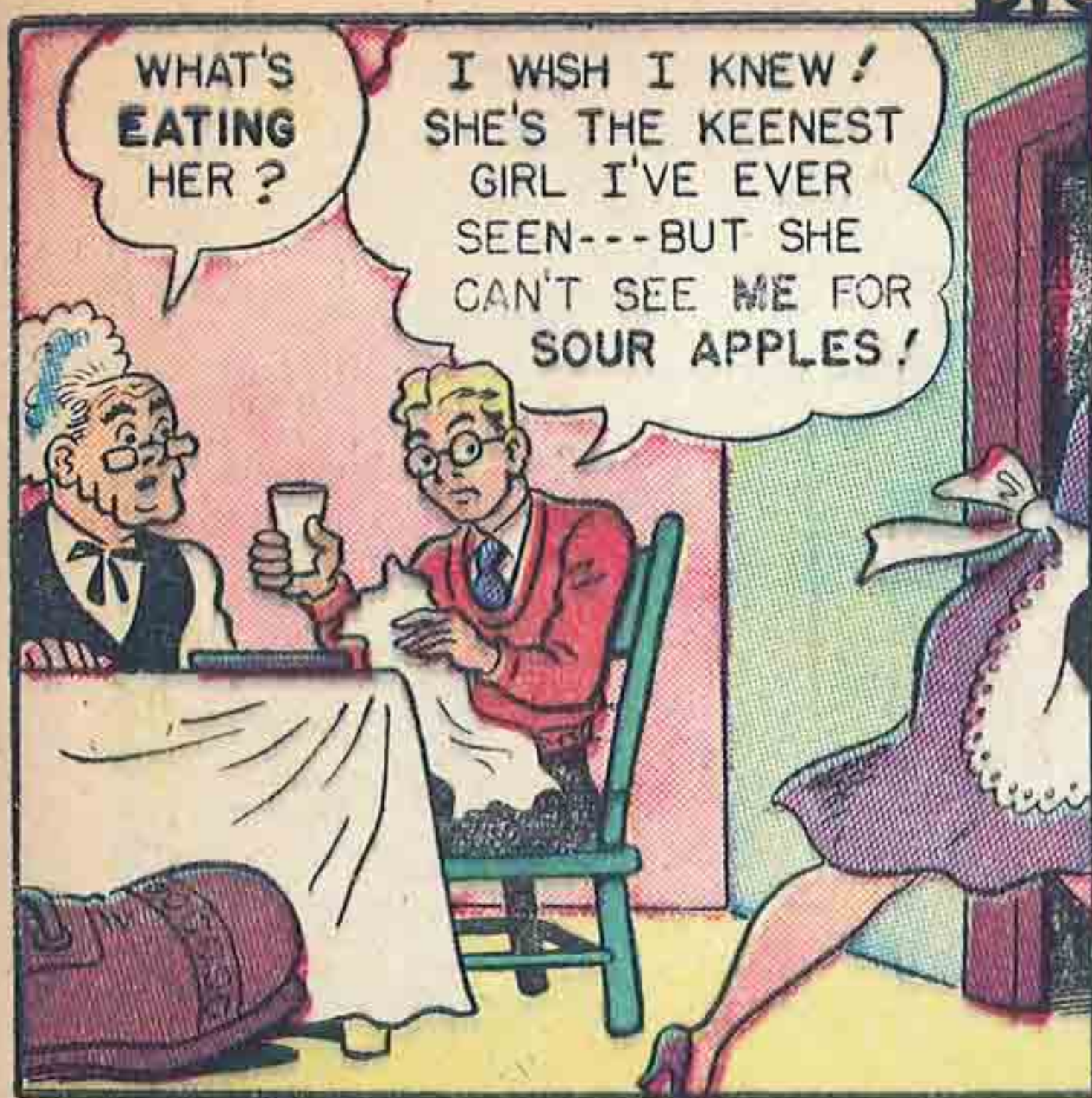
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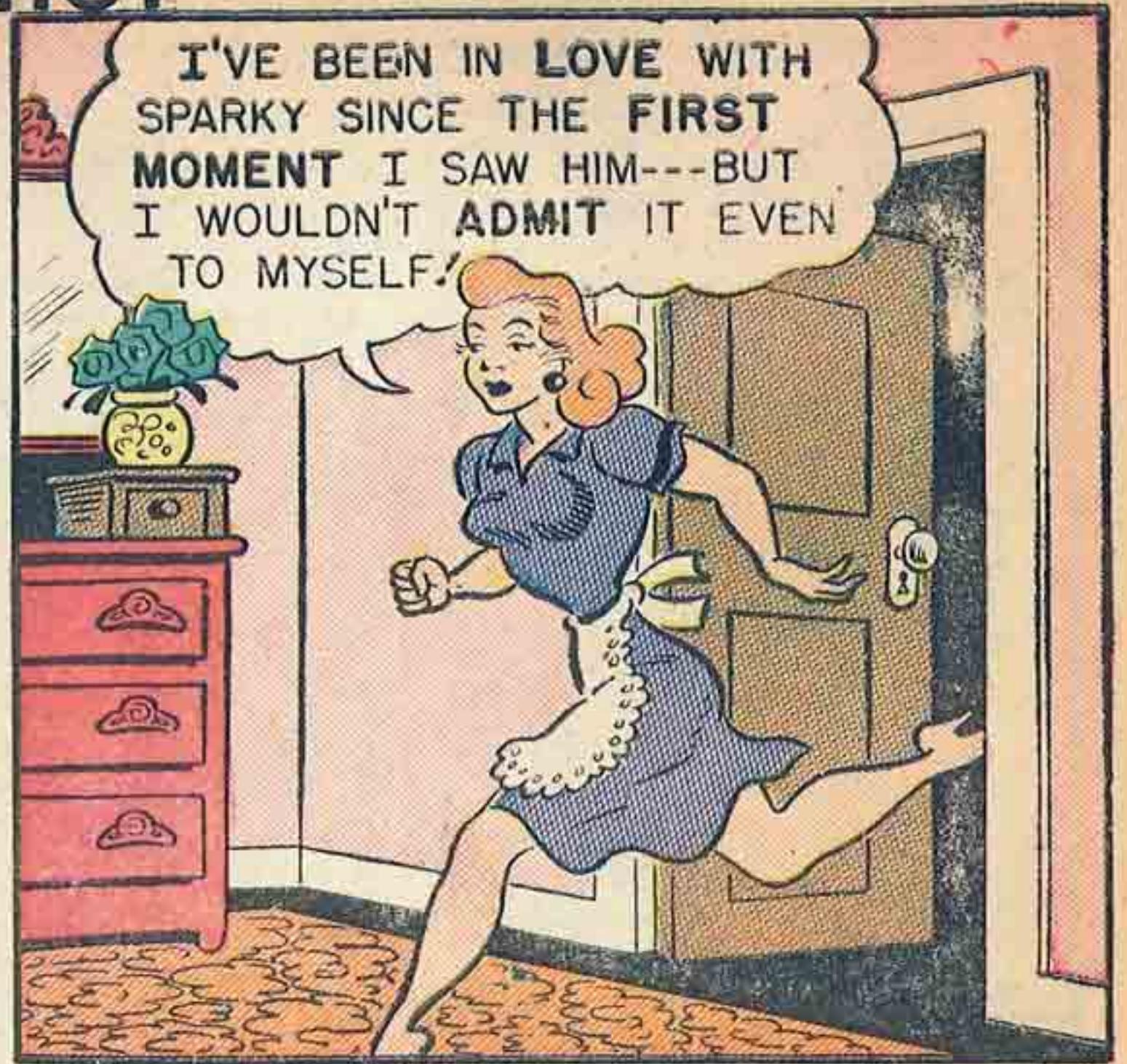
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DIXIE DUGAN

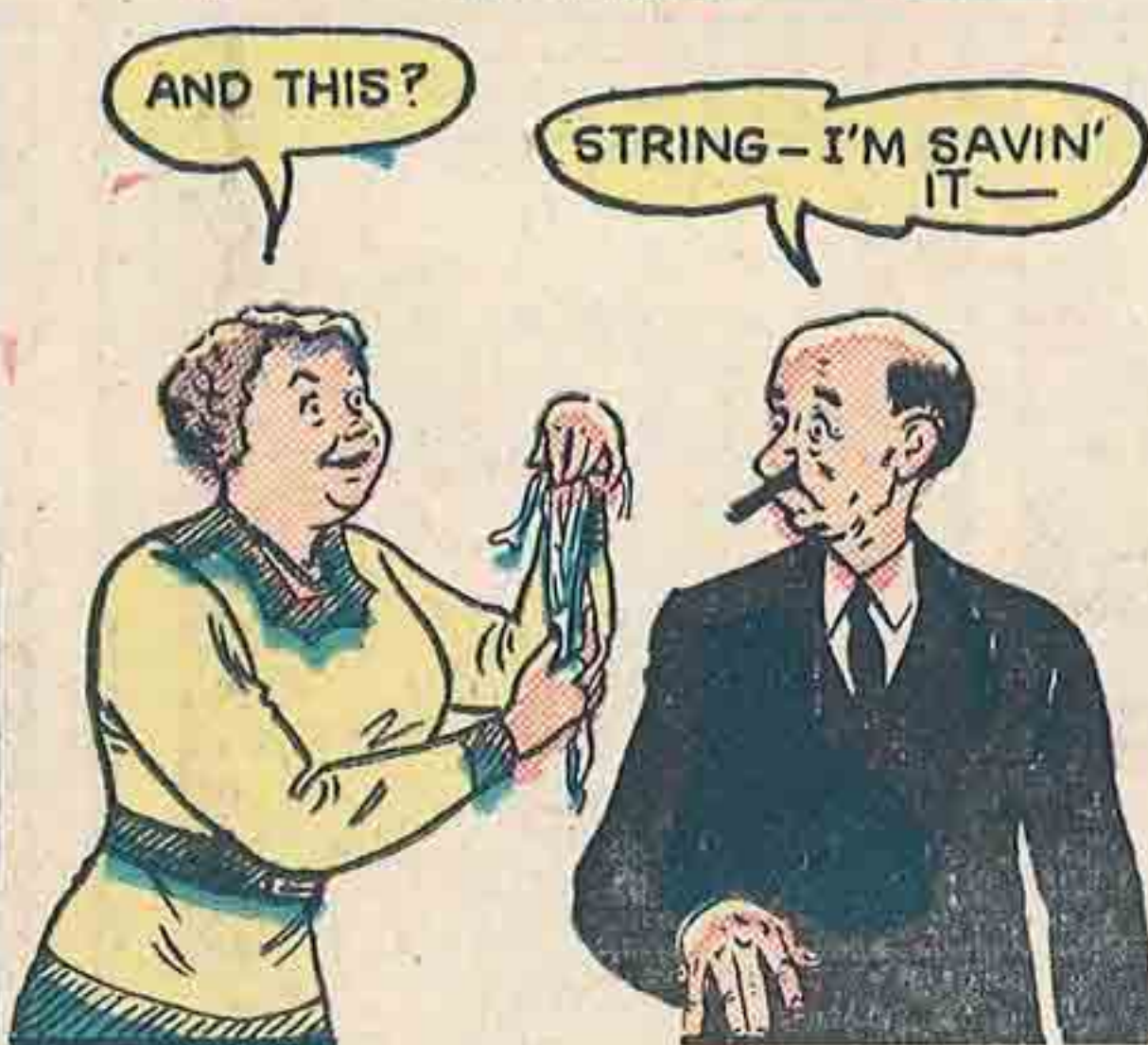
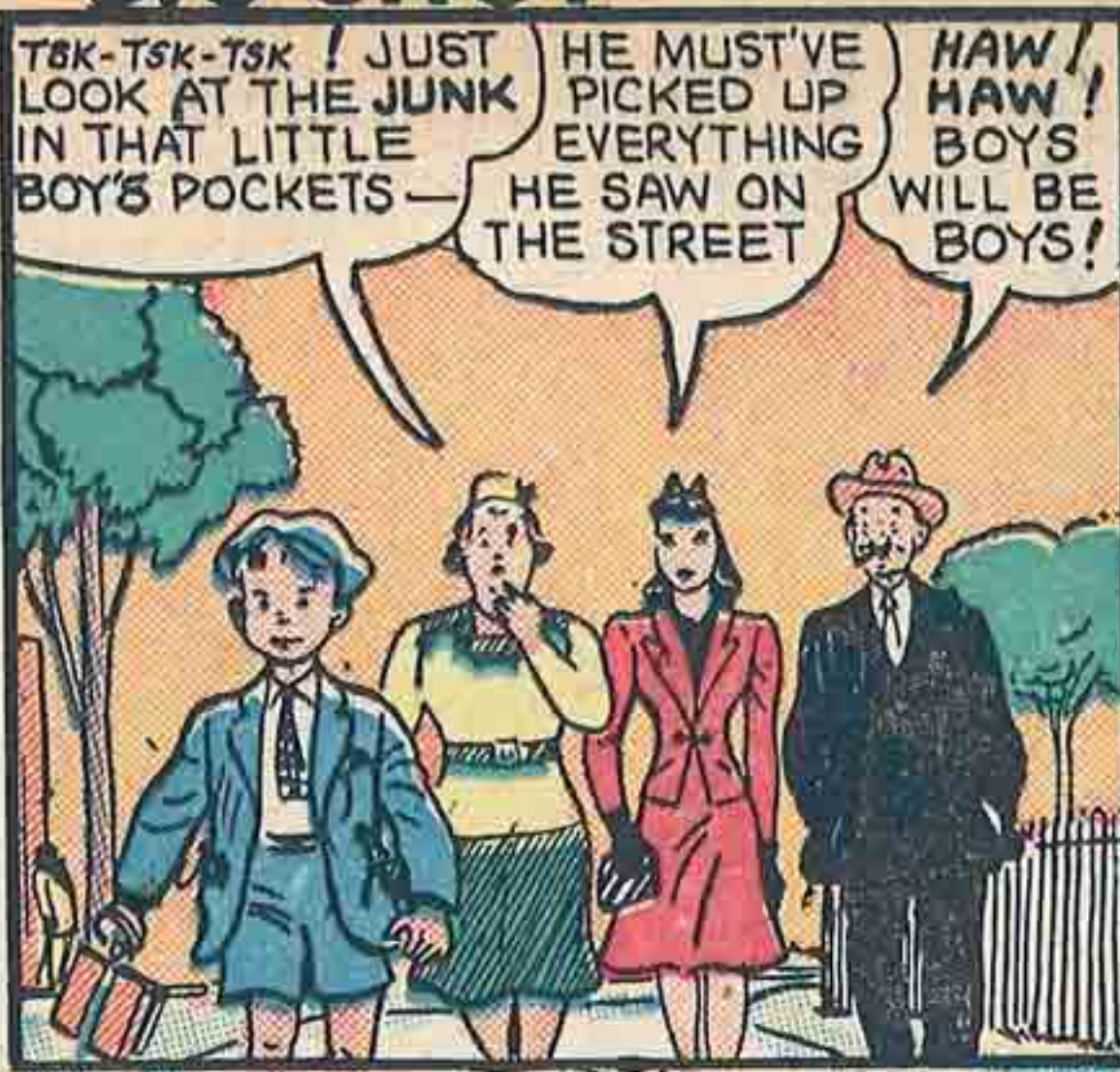
By McEVOY and STRIEBEL



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AND THIS AND THIS AND THIS AND SO ON —



BIG SHOT

Dixie Dugan

BY M'EVROY AND STRIEBEL

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS NOT ALWAYS THROUGH HIS STOMACH, DEAR

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS IS TO BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HE'S INTERESTED IN—WITH RESERVATIONS OF COURSE

WHAT'S THIS LEADING UP TO, HONEY? MEET A NEW BOY??

YES, MA

GOOD! IF YOU STICK TO THE SAME ONE ALL THE TIME, EITHER GET ENGAGED OR MARRIED—WHAT'S HE DO?

FLY

SWELL—YOUR BROTHER'S A FLYER—THERE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

BUT-BUT, MA

HE WANTS ME TO GO UP WITH HIM THIS AFTERNOON

WHY NOT?—I'M AIR-MINDED—SO ARE YOU! GO TO IT!

HERE HE IS NOW

THIS IS MY MOTHER—MISTER ALLEN, JOE ALLEN

I JUST CAME FROM THE FIELD—ARE YOU READY, DIXIE???

I'M SET

BY THE WAY, YOUNG MAN—YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A COMMANDO—WHAT KIND OF OUTFIT IS THAT?

I'M A PARACHUTE JUMPER, MRS DUGAN—I'M GOING TO SHOW DIXIE—

MY BABY???

OOOOO NOOOOO YOU DON'T!

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

HOW IS PHIL BEHAVING THESE DAYS, MICKEY? DOES HE STILL GET INTO ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE?

OH NO, HOGAN! HE'S ACTING A LOT MORE SENSIBLE NOW. -THANK GOODNESS!



HMM! I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET RID OF THIS STOMACH-AND I MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED RIGHT NOW!



W-WHY PHILIP? WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE YOU GOING - DRESSED LIKE THAT?

I'VE DECIDED THAT I'M GETTING TOO FAT-AND I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE ROAD WORK EVERY NIGHT! WHERE ARE MY EAR MUFFS!



Y-YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO RUN THROUGH THE STREETS?

EXACTLY! NOBODY'LL SEE ME AT NIGHT



YOU MUST BE LOSING YOUR MIND! YOU'RE TOO OLD TO TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

I AM IN A PIG'S EYE! JUST HAVE A NICE HOT TUB WAITIN' FOR ME WHEN I GET BACK!

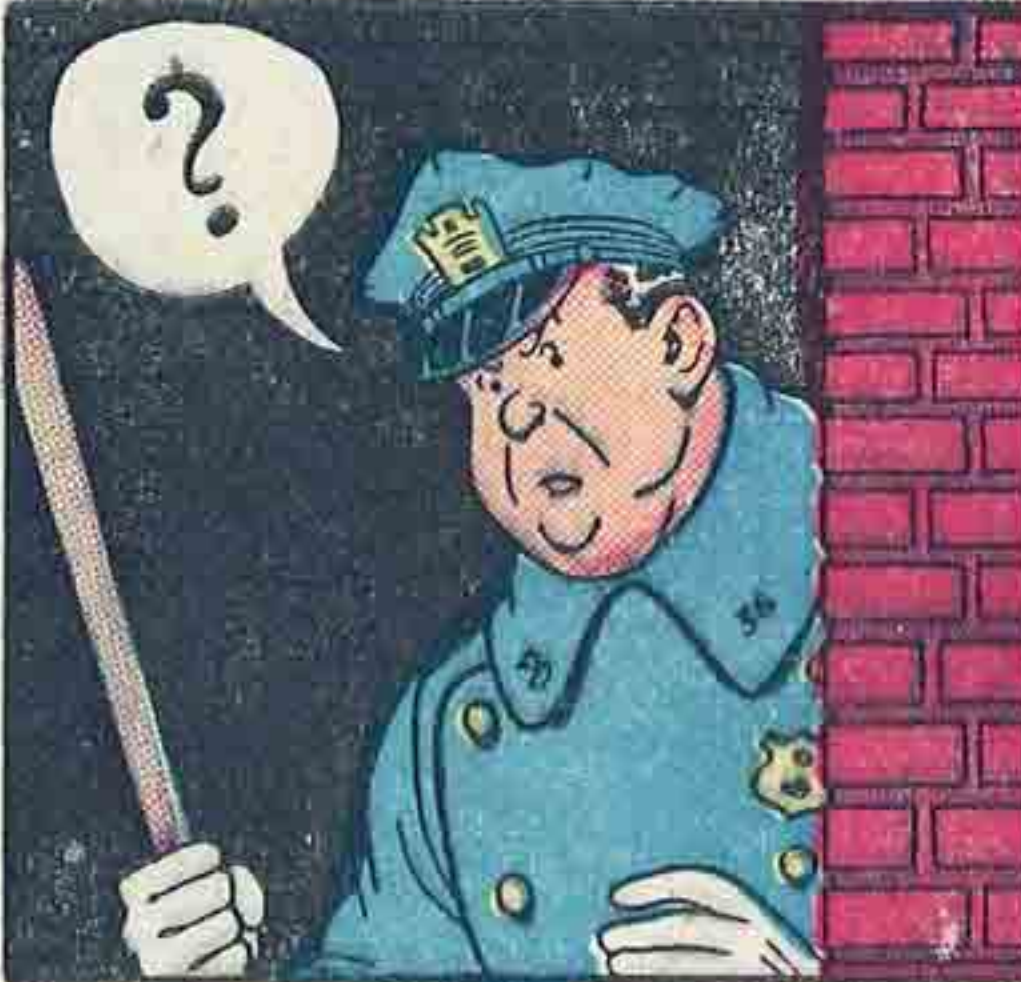
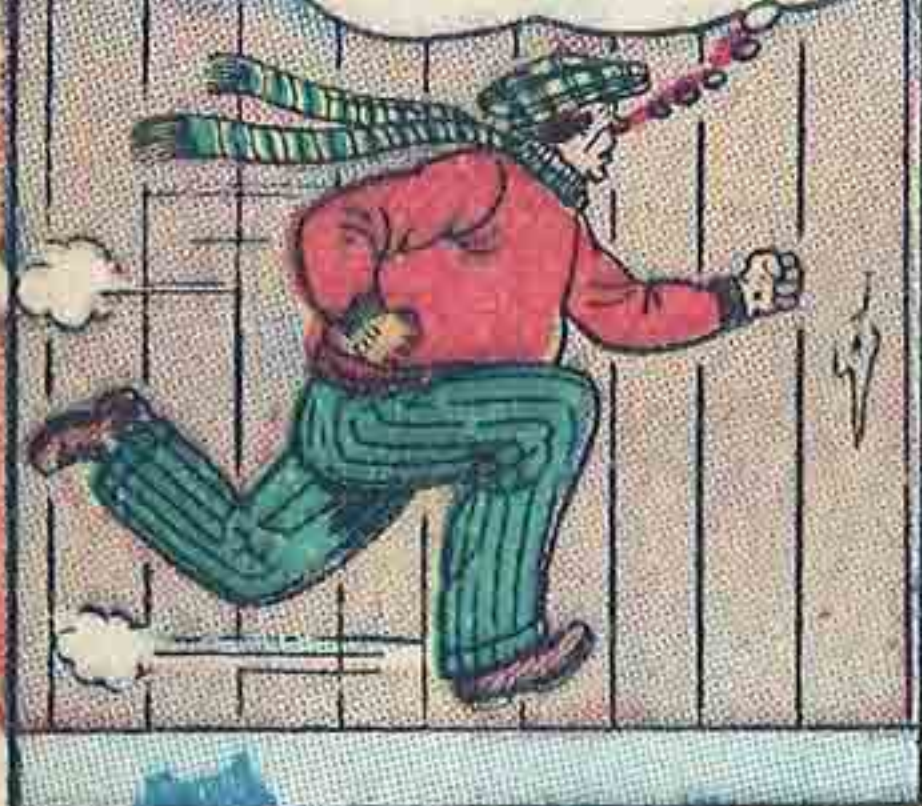


HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR A THING WITH THAT CAP PULLED DOWN OVER THOSE EAR MUFFS, MRS. FINN - HE'S LIABLE TO BE HIT BY A CAR!

WELL, I TRIED TO STOP HIM, FLOSSIE! AND AT LEAST WE CAN BE PRETTY SURE THAT HE'LL SOON GIVE UP THE IDEA!



TWICE AROUND THE BLOCK OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH FOR A STARTER!



HALT, I SAID! HALT!

NOW I'LL FINISH WITH A GREAT BURST OF SPEED!



CLUNK!



CALLING CAR 45! PROCEED TO ORCHARD AND VINE! PATROLMAN VICKERS HAS NABBED A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTER!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU! I MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP!



I COULDN'T TELL WHO HE WAS - THE WAY HE WAS BUNDLED UP!

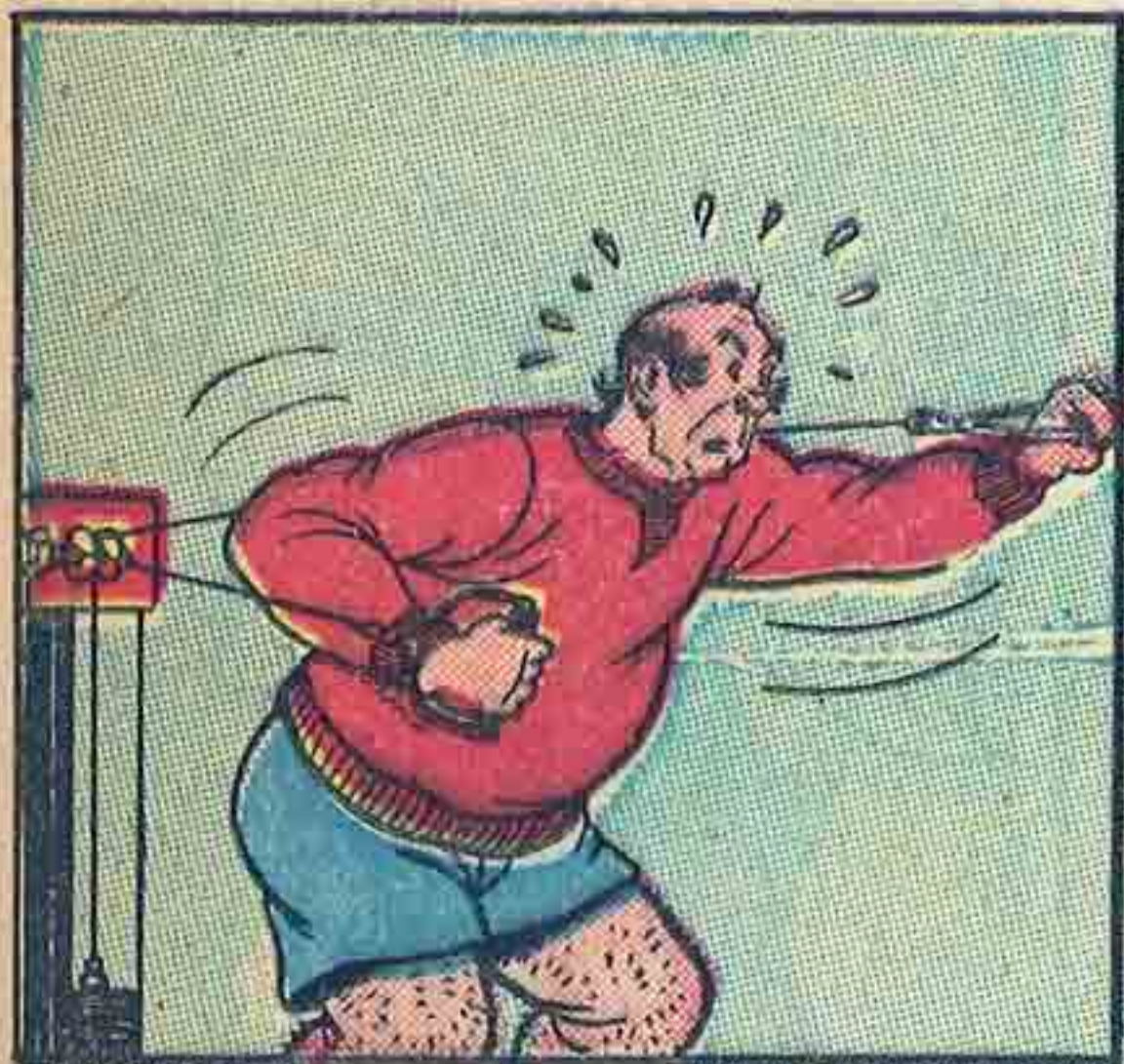
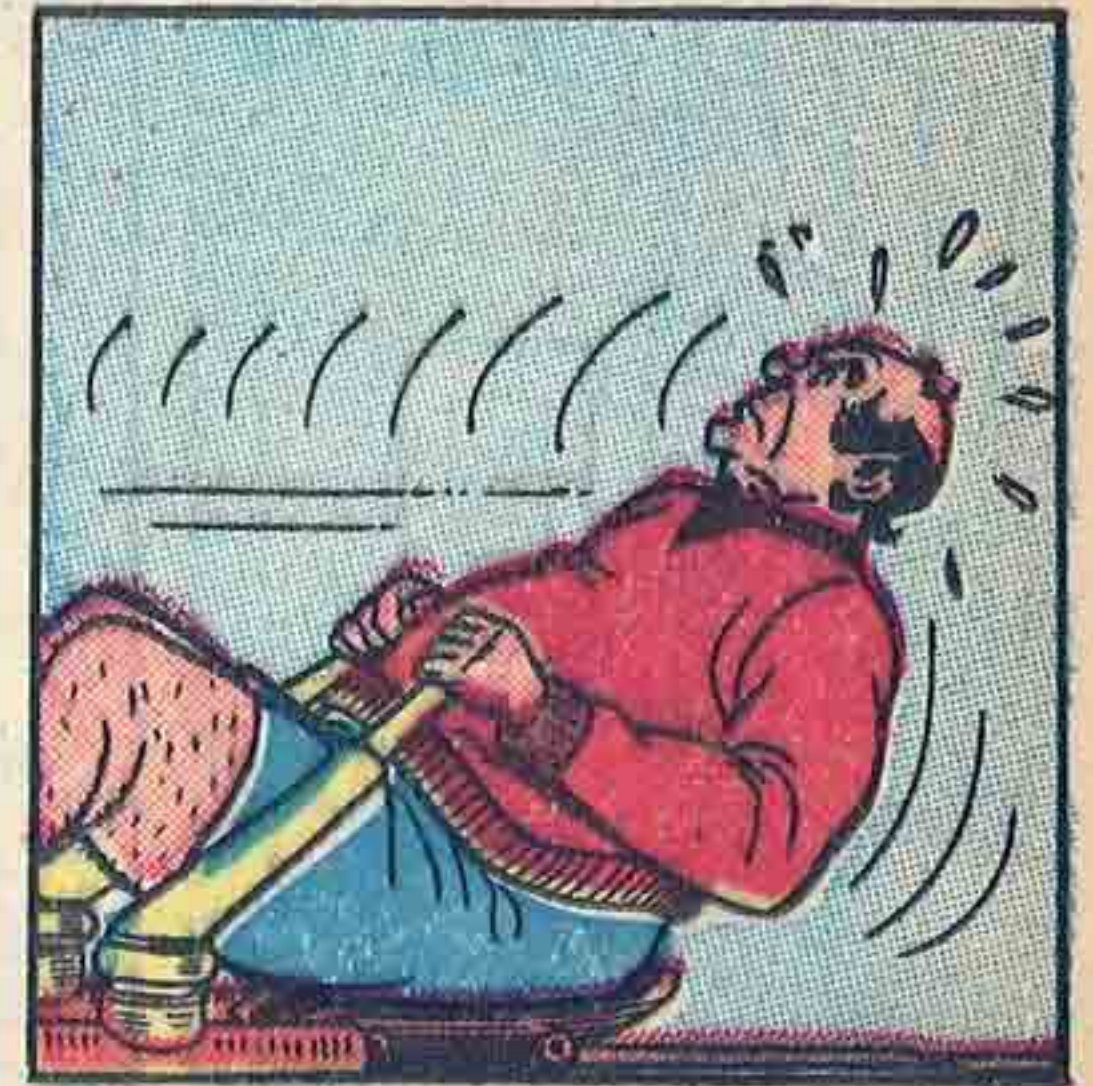
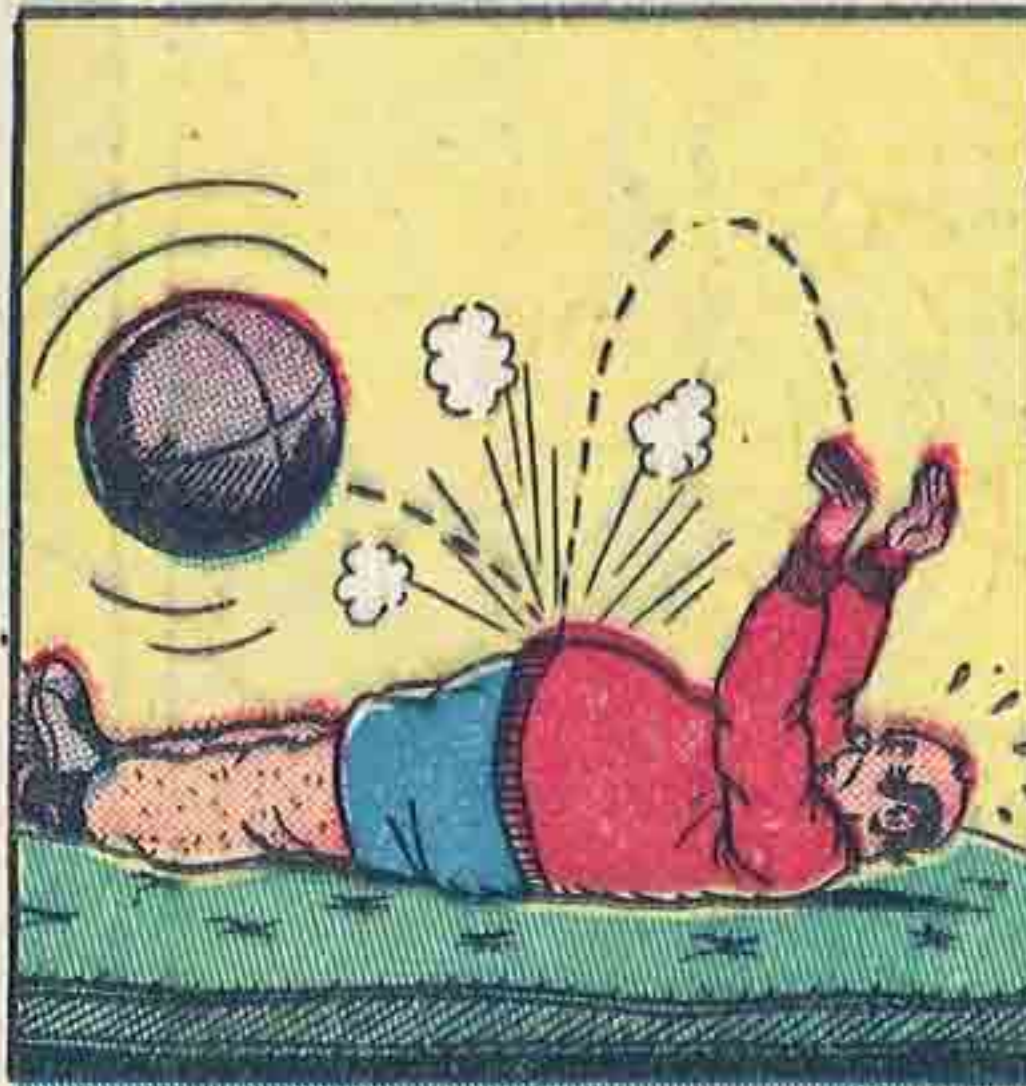
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT IT, HOGAN?

HA! HO! HO! NEVER MIND, PHIL! TAKE HIM HOME, MICKEY - TAKE HIM HOME!



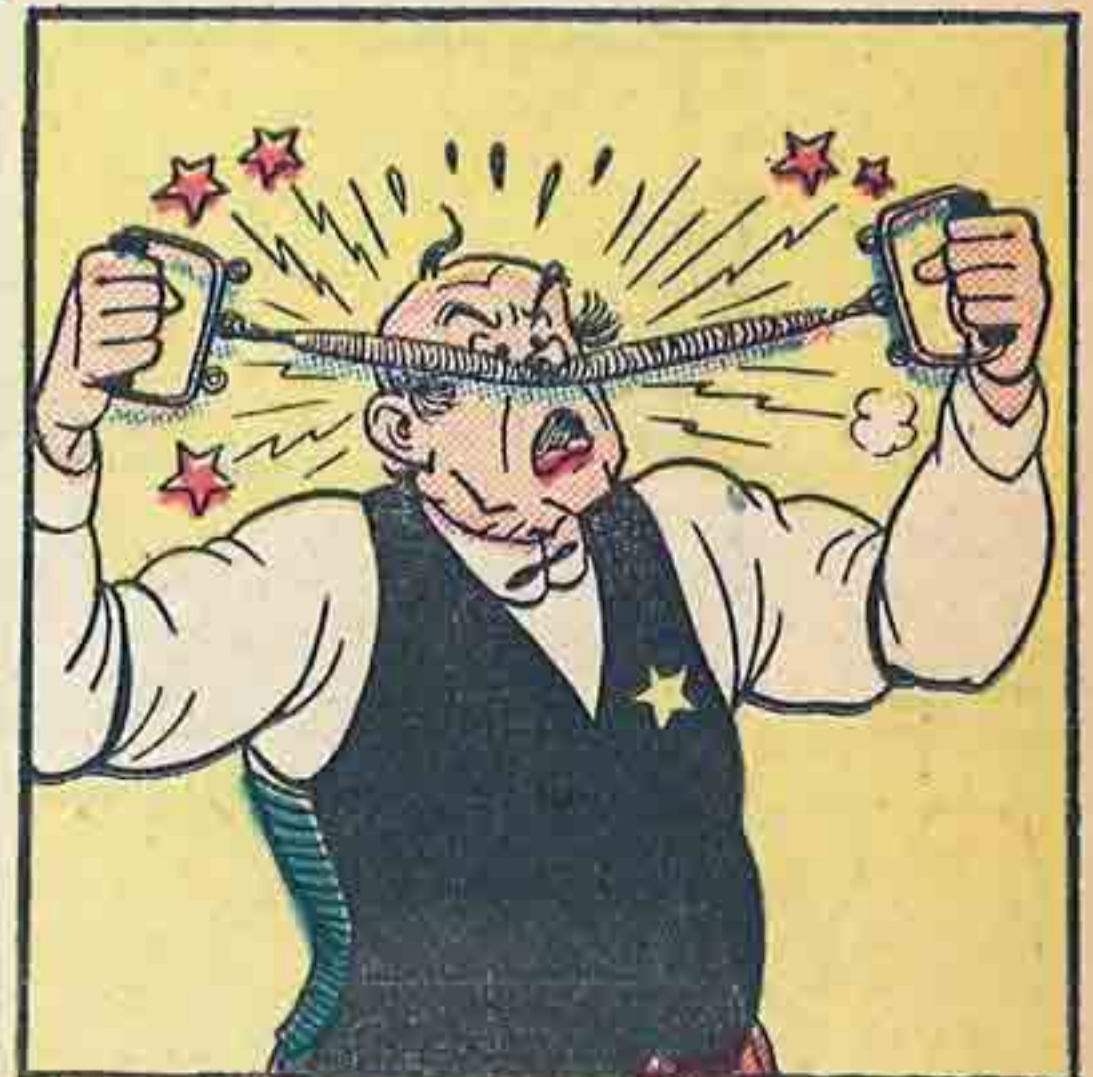
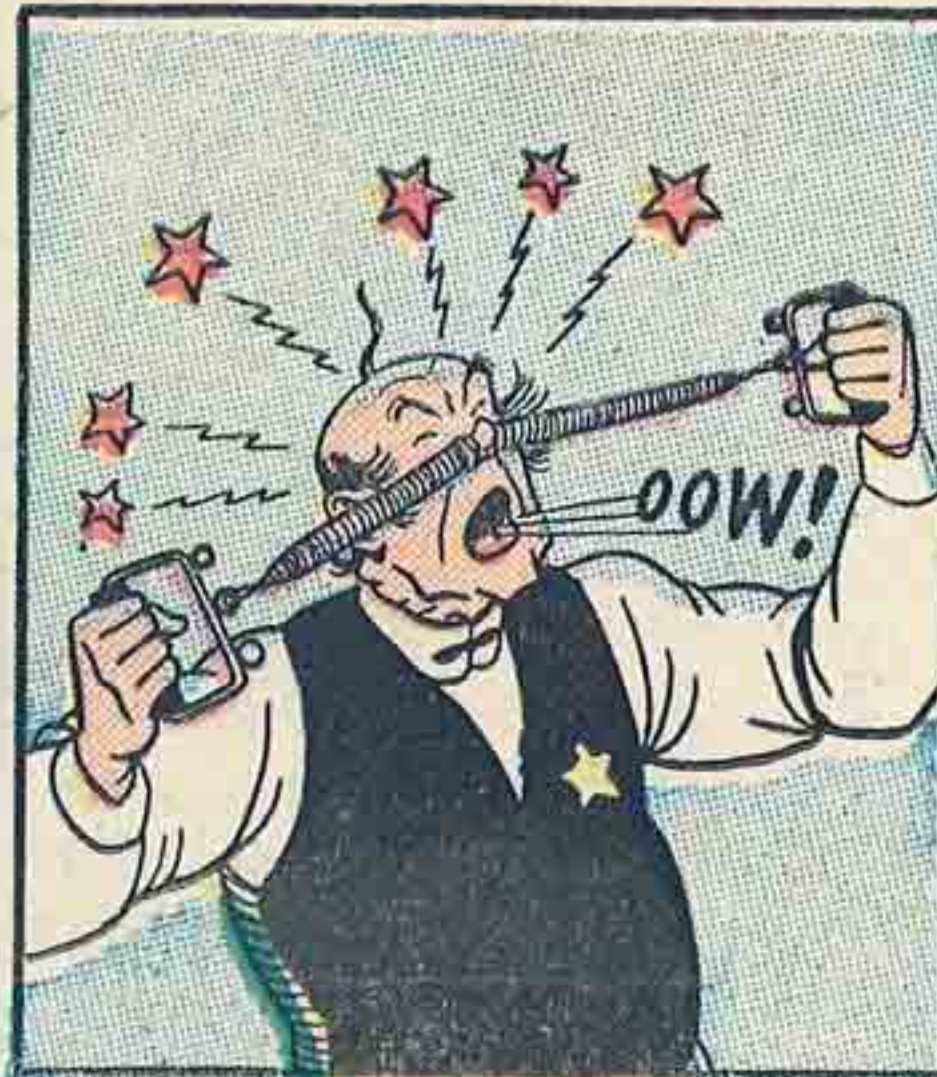
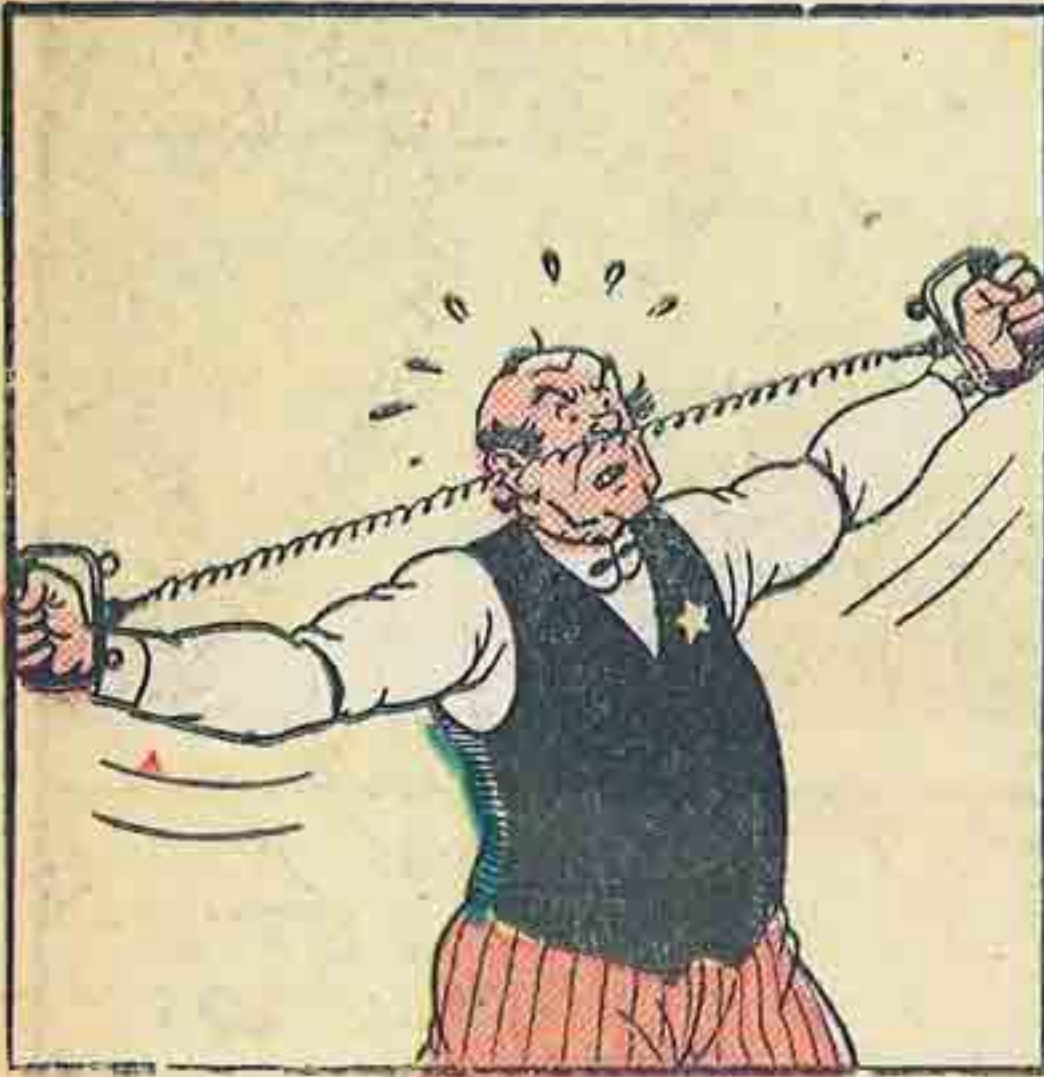
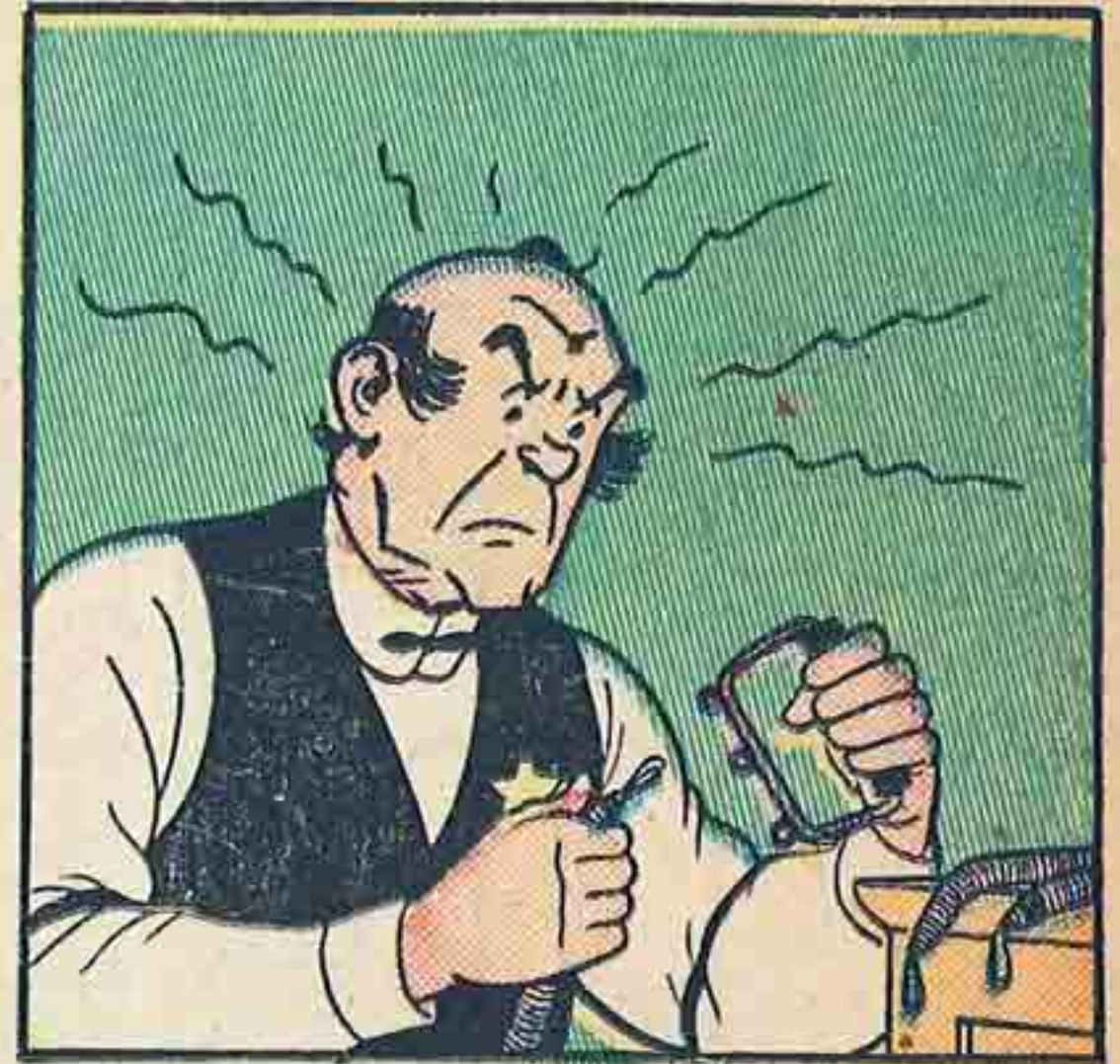
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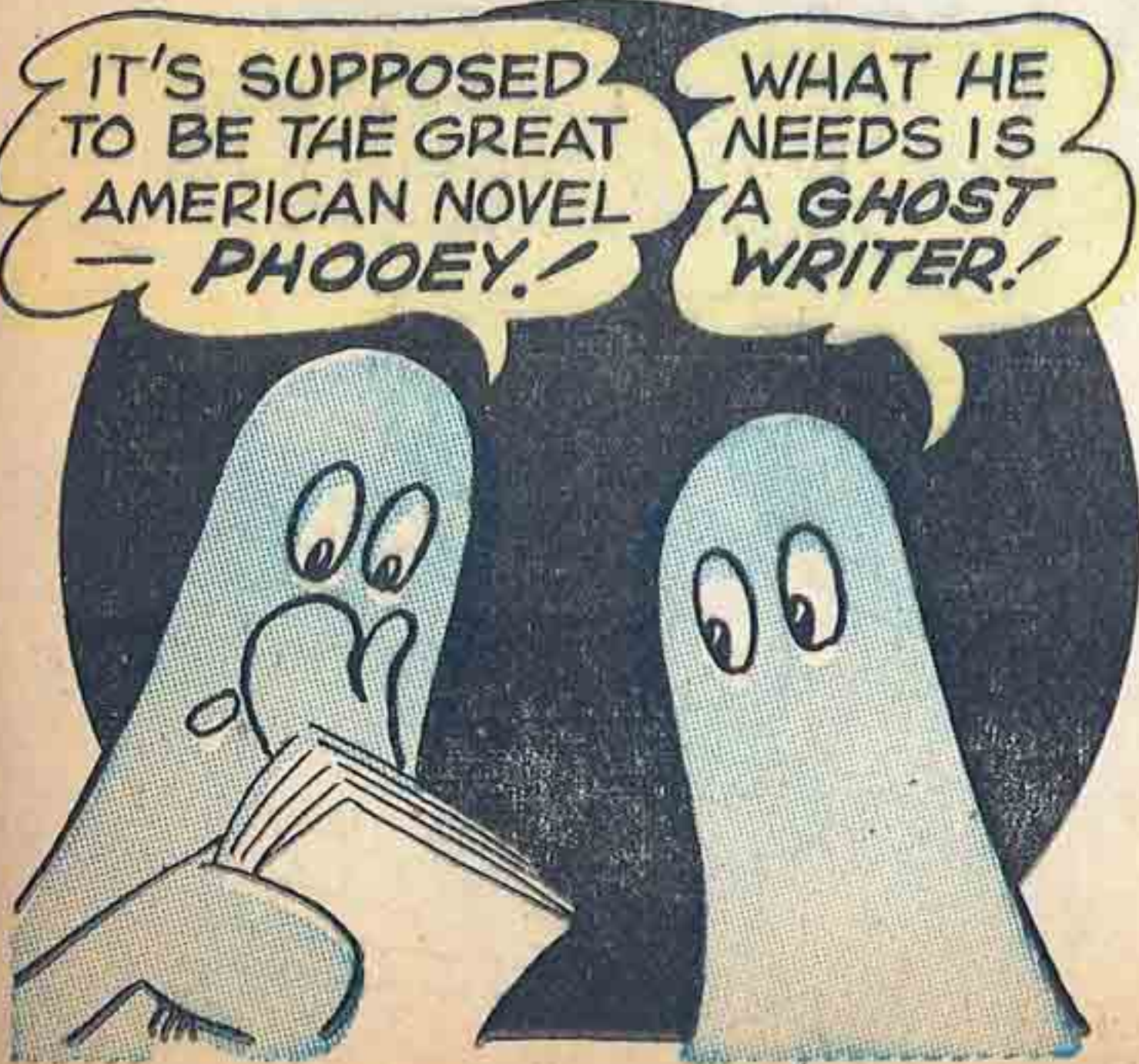
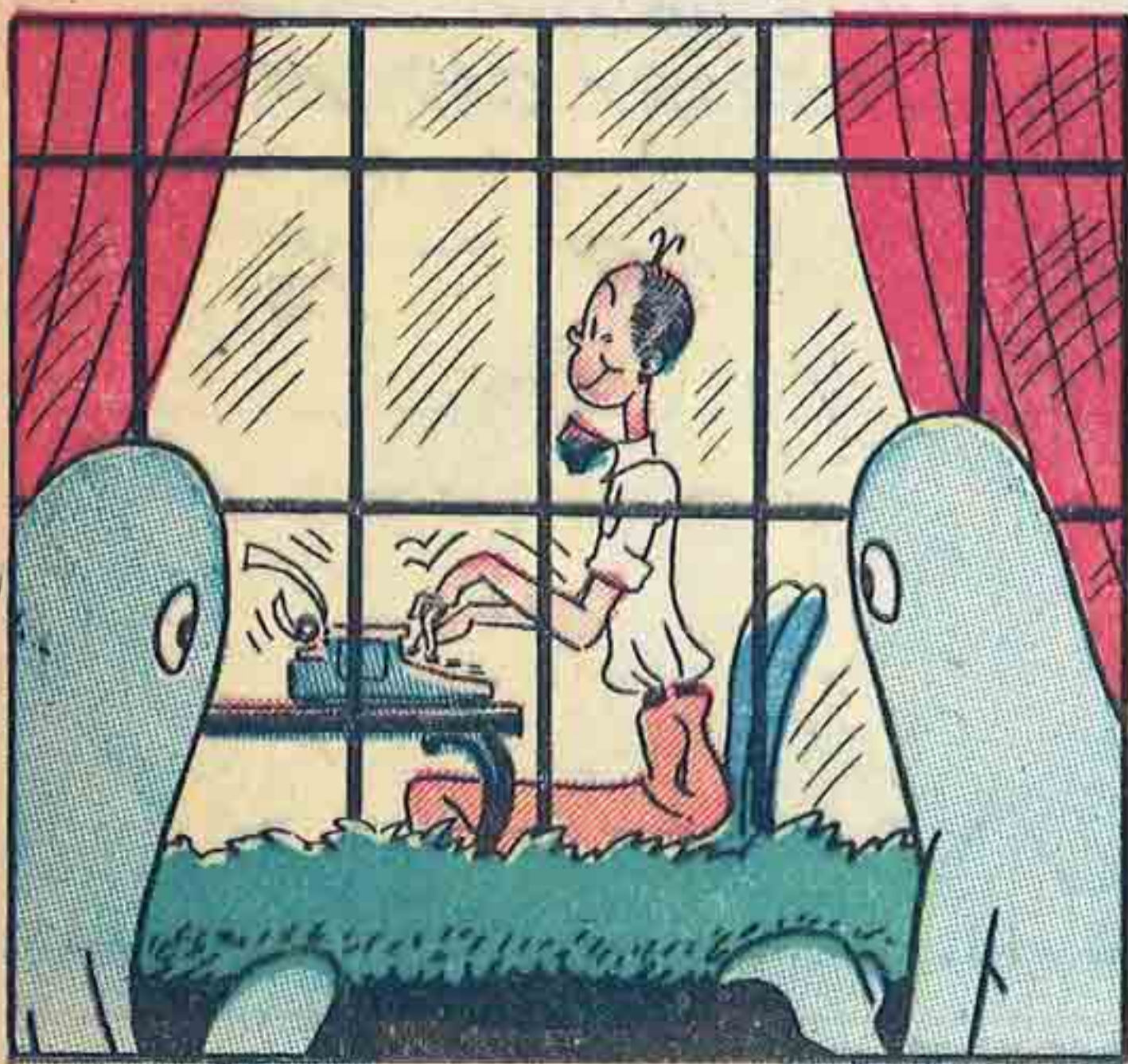
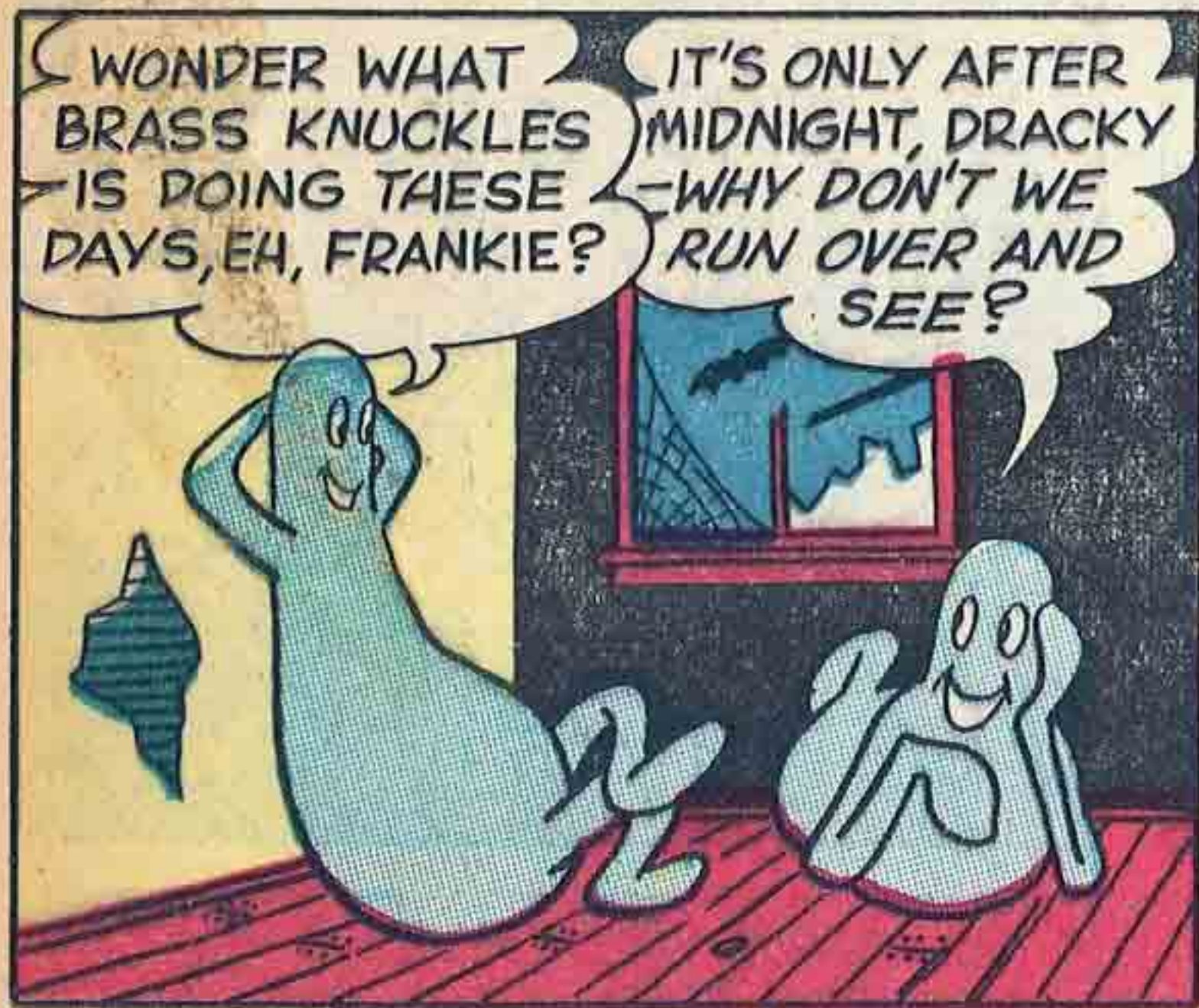
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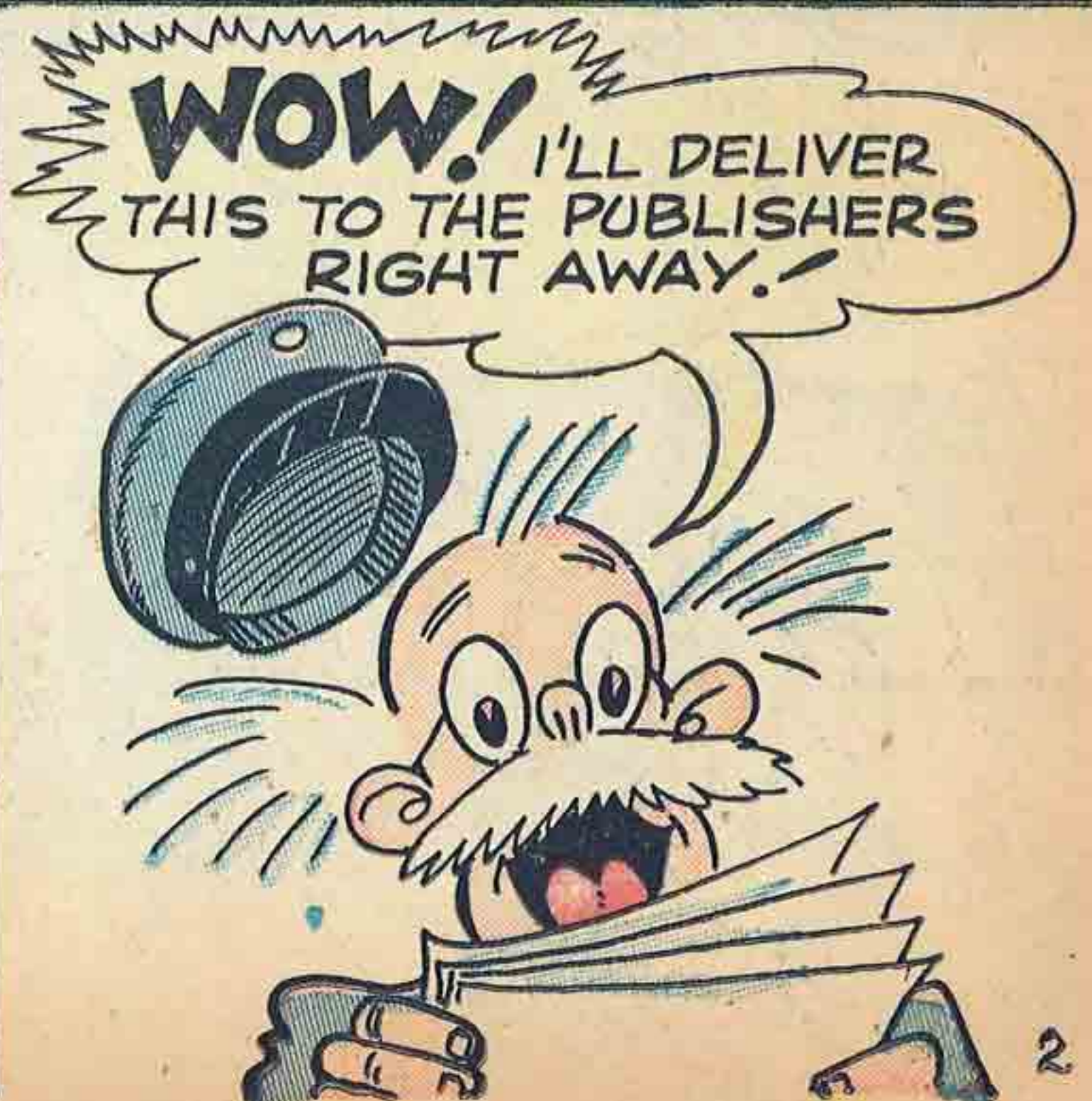
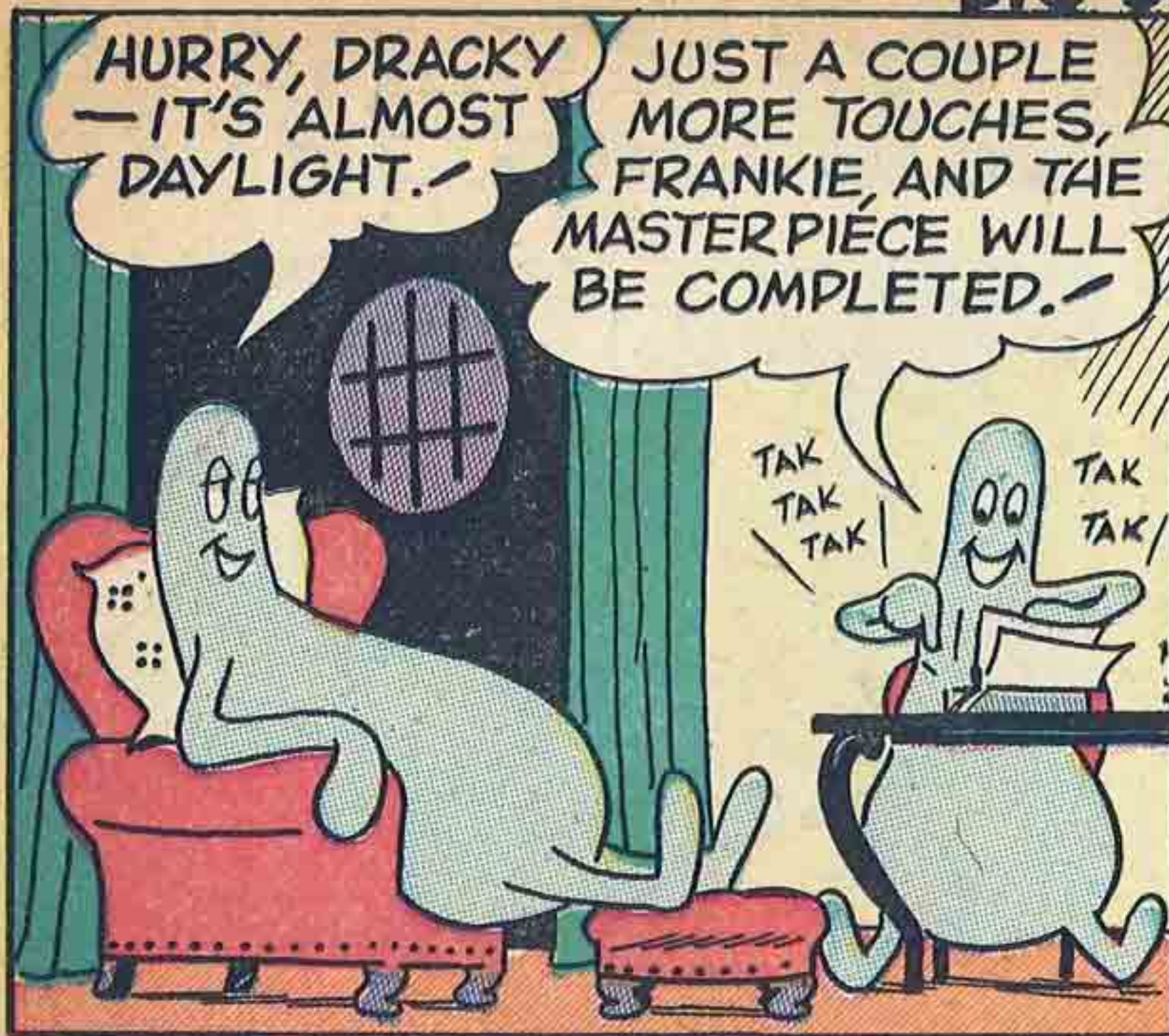


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BRASS KNUCKLES

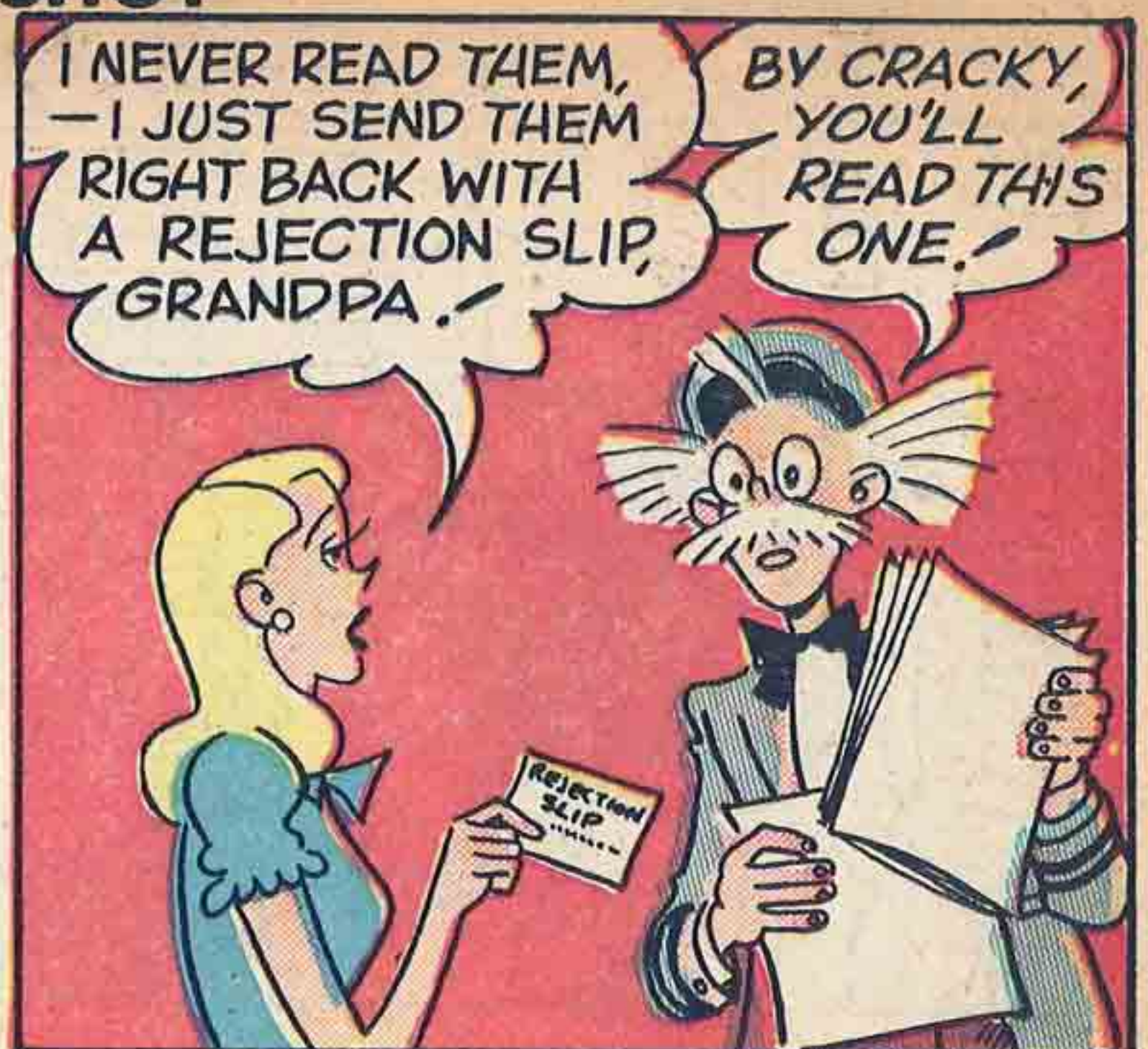
by MARTY &
MARION



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Limehouse Louie Again

By MART BAILEY

JACK BEERYMORE, the popular Broadway actor, now disguised as a one-legged sailor off an eighteenth century whaling ship, finished his frantic search of the bureau drawers without finding anything worthy of note except the two hand-grenades, which undoubtedly belonged to the present occupants of the room. He turned his despairing eyes upon Good Old Bumpy.

That impressive individual, now more impressive than ever in his shining top hat, satin-lined cloak, and false red whiskers, addressed himself to the two gangsters who had remained behind with the trussed-up bookie. "Pardon, m'sieurs," he said. "But has any of you seen theez man's so beautiful necklace?"

"Naw," replied the gangster who looked like a baboon.

Good Old Bumpy gave Jack Beerymore the eye. "Perhaps m'sieur zee sailor has made so beeg mistake. We better go and not trouble theez so kind gentlemen any more, oui?"

Jack Beerymore swallowed his Adam's apple six times in quick succession. "We?"

"Oui."

"You mean, we—we—?"

"Oui, oui."

"But we—"

"Mais oui!"

Things were getting a bit foggy for Jack Beerymore. "May we what?" he blurted.

"M'sieur doesn't understand," said Good Old Bumpy, with a wry grimace to the gangsters. The grimace was probably lost in his false red whiskers, because it evinced no response. "I merely suggest that m'sieur has made so beeg mistake. Zee necklace she eez not here."

That ominous fact was also evident to Jack Beerymore. But leave before he found the necklace—it would be traitorous to Beatrice! Down-right treason! Yet the more he felt the eyes of the sullen gangsters drilling into the back of his neck, the more he wished himself elsewhere. But he could not leave without at least discovering some clue. What would Beatrice say? Her priceless heirloom lost in a cheap boarding house

merely because he would not continue the search a few minutes longer!

"Zee necklace she eez not here," Good Old Bumpy insisted, giving Jack's pleading eyes the telepathic thumbs-down. "Anyhow, I do not have zee one dollair you wish for it."

Giving the gangsters a nod, he turned on his heel and marched into the hall.

Seeing his friend depart, Jack Beerymore felt the same emotion he had experienced as a small child when an absent-minded nurse left him in the lion house at the zoo. Upon that former occasion he was incapable of escape, being strait-jacketed in the baby carriage. Not at the moment being so encumbered, and having since acquired the use of his legs, Jack leaped out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

In the hall three people were standing under the unshaded electric bulb: Good Old Bumpy in his whiskers and top hat, a blonde girl in a green dress, and Busty Ratsoff, who was glowering because the bird in the whiskers had muscled into the conversation.

It is remarkable how accurately ballet dancers can portray the most complicated human emotions simply by standing on their toes and looking as if they had stepped on a limburger cheese. Yet Jack Beerymore, who had no ballet training, did just that, halting his headlong flight on the big toe of his left foot and expressing all the complicated human emotions of one who has just achieved a life-long quest.

For, around the girl's throat was the Thornrose necklace, every precious diamond radiating its priceless fires!

Here, Jack recognized, was a situation that demanded immediate action tempered with the utmost caution. Despite the unravelling effect Butsy Ratsoff's glittering eyes had upon his spine, the actor assumed a nonchalant mask and stumped forward until he was but a few feet from the trio, whereupon he whipped out his revolver.

"Don't make a noise" he croaked. "Reach for that gun, and they'll be picking the lead out of you with a pick-axe." The last was directed to Butsy Ratsoff. Now that he had the upper hand,

BIG SHOT

Jack Beerymore was enjoying himself for the first time since he had become embroiled with the Underworld.

Butsy Ratsoff prided himself upon being a tough guy, but he never looked into a loaded pistol without feeling loosely hinged at the knees. The girl would have screamed except for the lump that choked back her voice. And Good Old Bumpy frowned.

"Come, come!" Jack rasped through his walrus moustache. "Fork over that necklace."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, the girl attempted an ingratiating smile. "The necklace really isn't valuable. That is, to you. My fiance, Butsy here, gave it to me, so I must keep it for its sentiment. You understand."

"Diamonds is diamonds," said the one-legged seaman. "Hand them over—quick"

"Diamonds!" chortled Butsy Ratsoff. "Them's paste."

"Easy on that mocking laughter," cautioned Jack Beerymore. "What do you mean—paste?"

"That's all they are. Paste. I ought to know. I did a ten-year stretch for snatching what I thought was a diamond bracelet. I thought I should get acquitted when the D. A. revealed that Exhibit A was noting but ten-cent jewelry, but the judge couldn't see eye to eye with me on the subject."

"You can't bluff me," said Jack Beerymore. "Hand that necklace over, baby."

"M'sieur is correct," interrupted Good Old Bumpy. "Zee diamonds are nothing but zee paste."

"They couldn't be paste," insisted the actor without shifting his eye away from the gun-sights. "Didn't Beatrice herself tell—"

"Beatrice?" echoed the girl. "What is her full name?"

The briskness of the question wrung the answer from Jack before he could think to say it was none of her business. "Beatrice Thornrose," he told her.

"It—it just couldn't be," murmured the girl, shaking her incredulous blonde head. The hall light threw its revealing beam over her face. The effect was miraculous.

"Beatrice" exclaimed Jack Beerymore.

Impulsively he moved forward with outstretched arms. In doing so he did the very thing Butsy Ratsoff the gangster wished—pointed the deadly revolver away from Butsy's wildly fluttering heart. On the instant, Butsy was a tough guy again. He swung his lumpy fist with all the dynamic tension he had acquired by clipping a coupon and mailing it for full particulars on becoming a Strong Man in Ten Easy Lessons.

And before the unconscious seaman with the walrus moustache and the peg-leg had bounced more than three times, the little gangster had swooped up the revolver and aimed it at Good Old Bumpy.

A smug grin suffused Butsy's gorilla-like countenance, indicating the holy joy which he felt at having saved his beloved's necklace. Undeniably, he had performed a commendable service. He deserved more than the curling lip and the frigid eye. But it just goes to show that you can never tell about a woman or what she will do next.

"You boob," scowled Millie. "You've probably killed the only man who could help me find my sister."

The charge was grossly unfair, like the time the D. A. charged him with stealing a diamond bracelet when it was only a piece of ten-cent jewelry. But, as on that former occasion, Butsy Ratsoff blanched with a strange sense of guilt.

"I ain't killed him," he muttered defensively. "Only bopped him a little."

In his abasement, Butsy cast his eyes down and they fell upon the seaman, who was snoring as if he had just been tucked into bed by a mother's hand. Butsy gaped. The one-legged sailor had lost his walrus moustache!

"It's Limehouse Louie!"

"Did you say 'Limehouse Louie,' m'sieur?" said Good Old Bumpy without a moment's hesitation. "Even in Paree we hear of theez bird. Heez one bad what you call egg. I—myself, me, personally—I have been on heez trail for seex years. Now I take him into what you call police custody."

"You?"

With majestic self-assurance, Good Old Bumpy flung back his cape, and the hall light flashed on an official badge.

"Allow me to present myself personally," he said with a bow. "I am Inspector Jacques Bonsoir-Bonsoir. You are satisfied that I take heem into police custody now, n'est pas? You are to be congratulated, m'sieur; you have helped an old man to complete his life's work."

Inspector Bonsoir-Bonsoir topped off this magnificent tribute by resoundingly kissing both of Butsy Ratsoff's cheeks. Not to slight anyone, he did the same for Millie.

Then he bent down to lift the unconscious actor, who at the moment was playing a double bill as the one-legged seaman and Limehouse Louie, imported triggerman. Good Old Bumpy wanted to get him out of the house in a hurry before Benny Ratsoff discovered that the gold badge which flashed so officially in the hall light belonged to a former dog-catcher.

The SKYMAN

By Cydon Whitney

POLICE AUTHORITIES HAVE CREATED A DRAGNET COVERING ALL CITY HIGHWAYS, AIRPLANES AND SHIP TERMINALS -- ESCAPE FOR DELILAH SANSONE IS VIRTUALLY IMPOS--

AWK!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

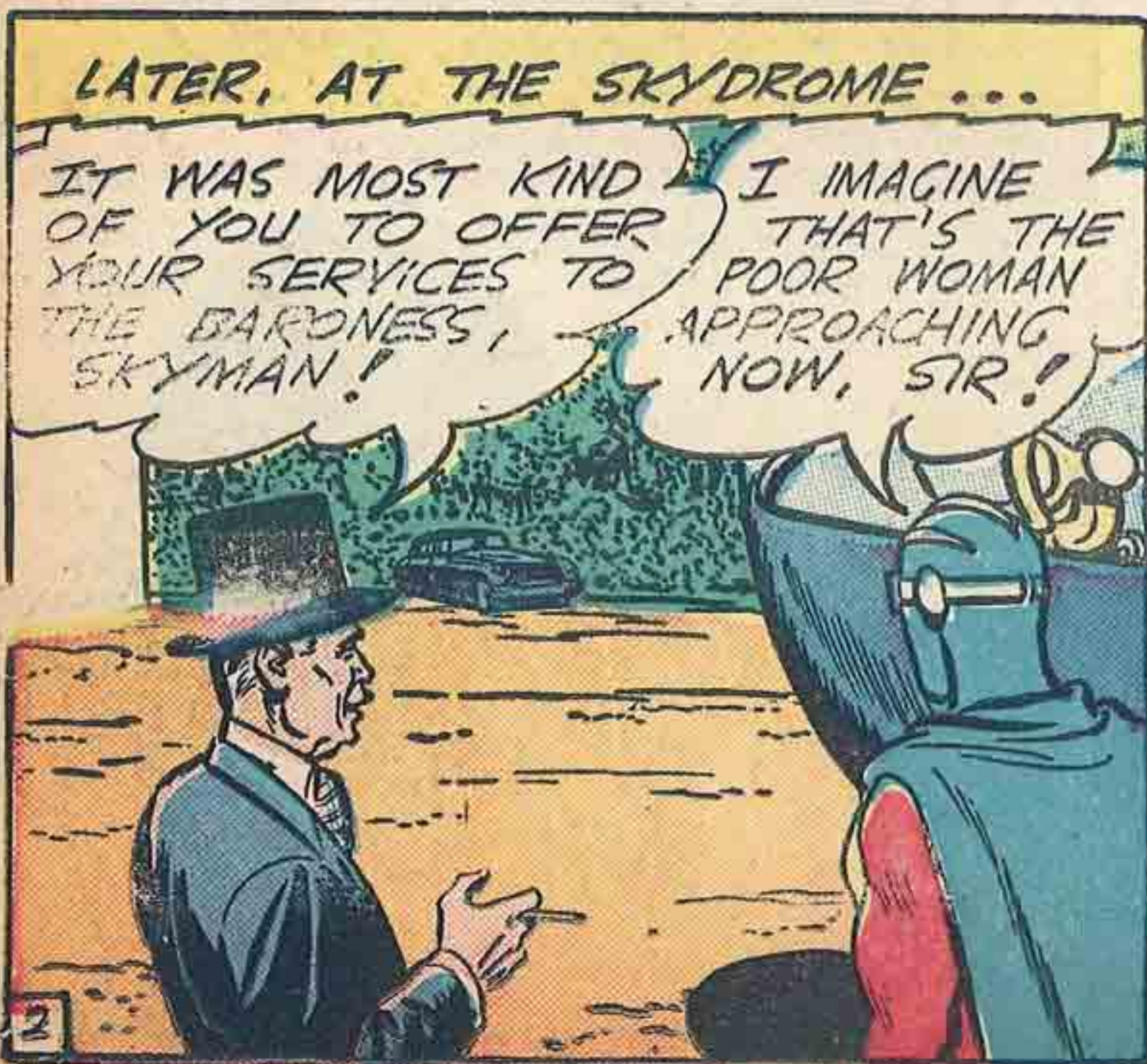
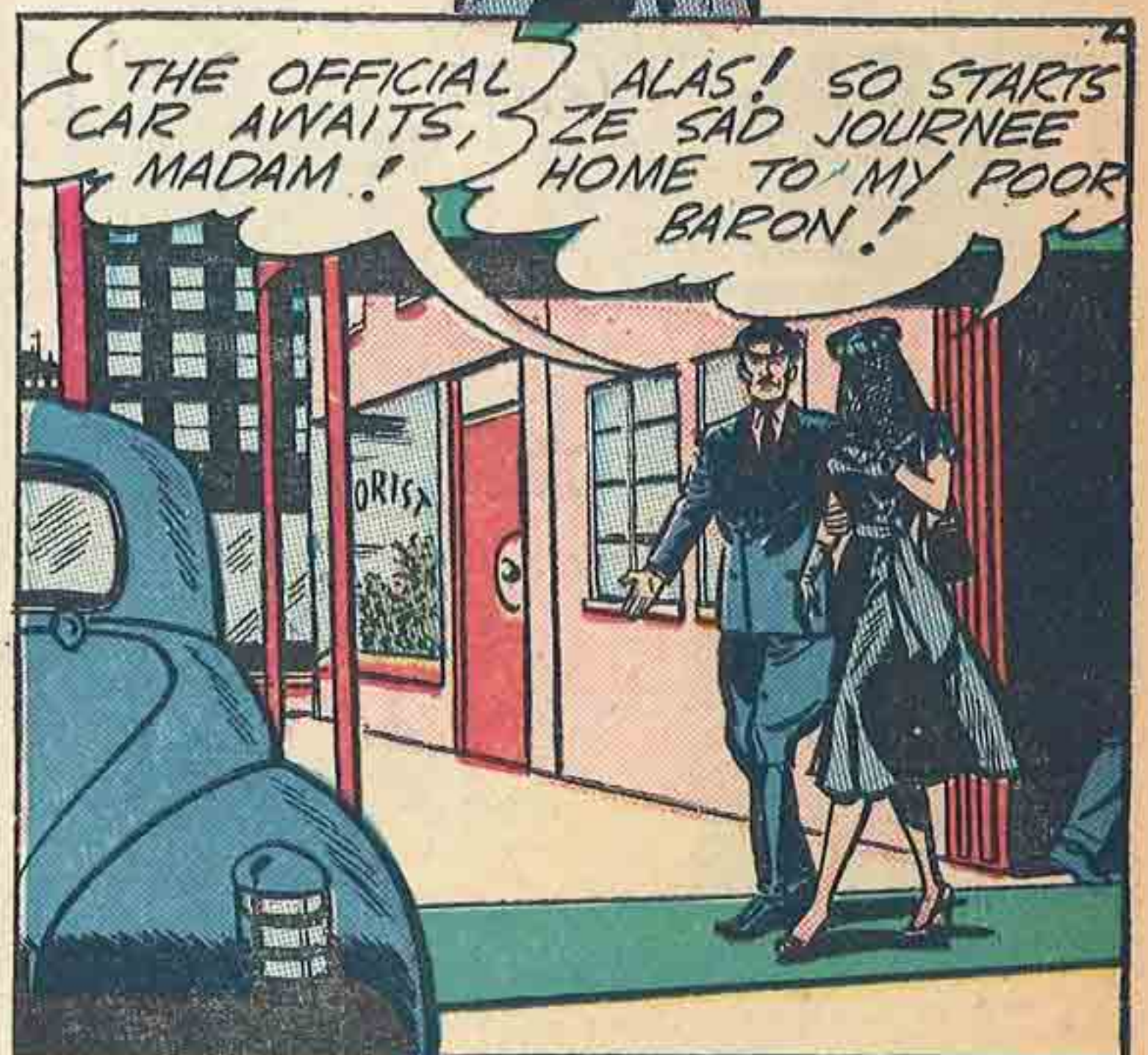
YES, DELILAH SANSONE, YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT? YOU'RE ALONE WITHOUT ALLIES, ALL YOUR COMRADES IN CRIME HAVING FLED THE COUNTRY..... IS THERE NO WAY OF ELUDING THIS DRAGNET YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE ????

I CAN JUST PICTURE TOMORROW'S HOT HEADLINE: "INTERNATIONAL JEWEL SMUGGLER SURRENDERS MEEKLY IN MID-TOWN HOTEL!"

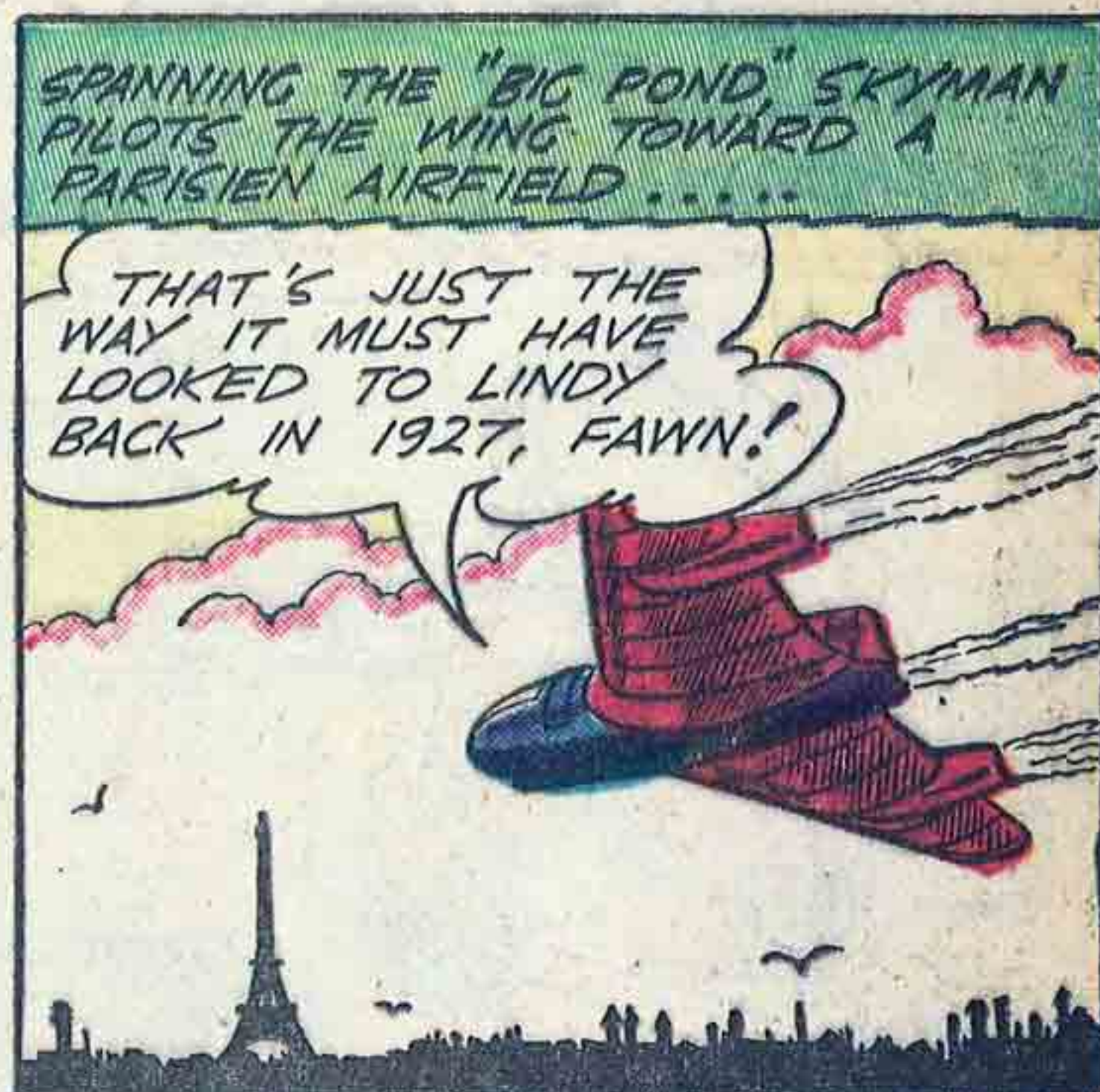
W-A-I-T A SECOND, DEAR DEJECTED DELILAH, I THINK WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES AN OUT!

DAILY JOURNAL
SKYMAN'S PLANE TO FLY BARONESS DETOUR TO PARIS FOR FUNERAL OF U.N. MEDIATOR HUSBAND!

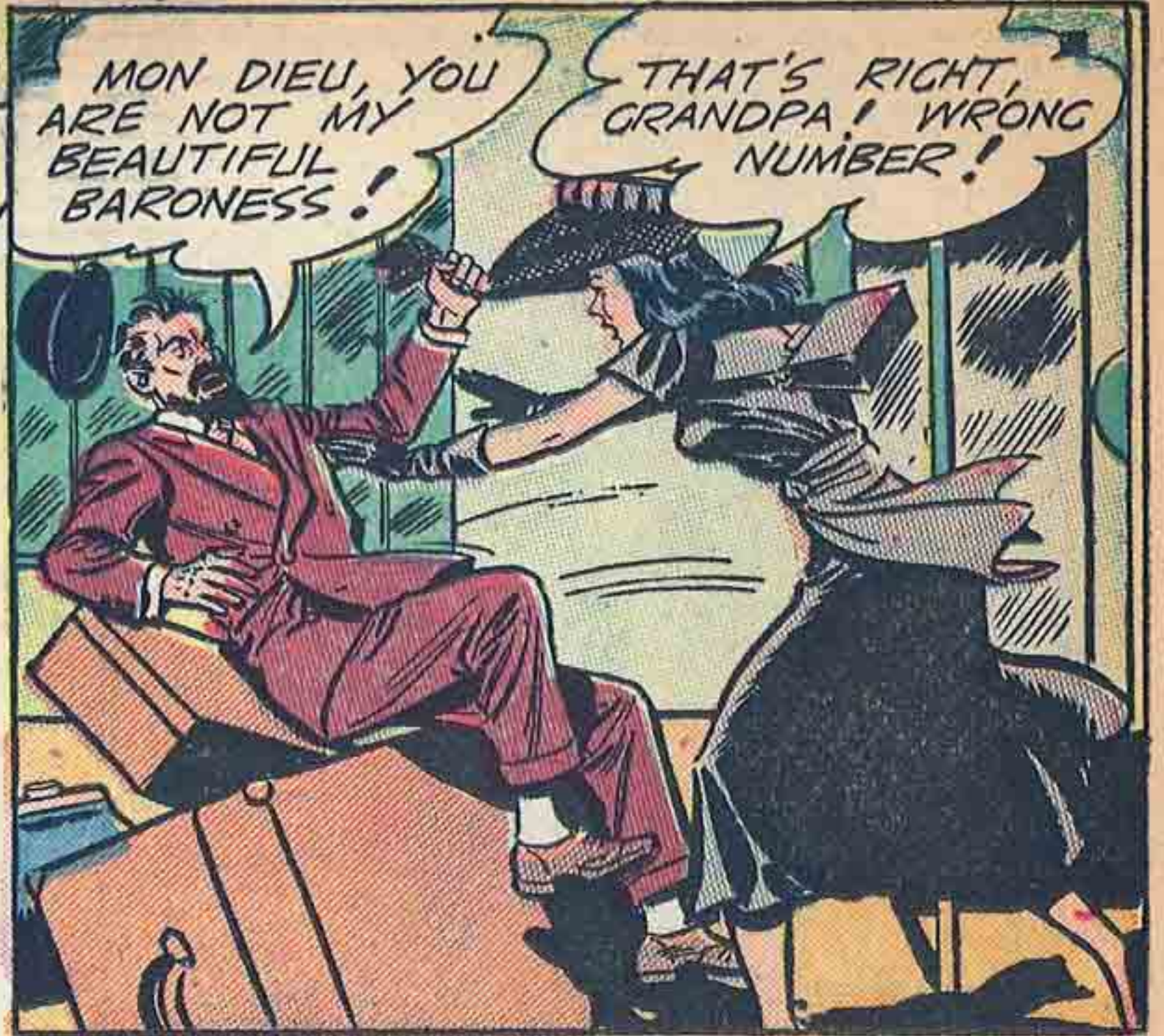
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TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



STILL VACATIONING IN AMERICA, TONY TRENT, ACE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, AND HIS WIFE FIND AN ADVENTURE RIVALING IN DANGER ANY THEY ENCOUNTERED IN THE PLAGUE-SPOTS OF EUROPE....

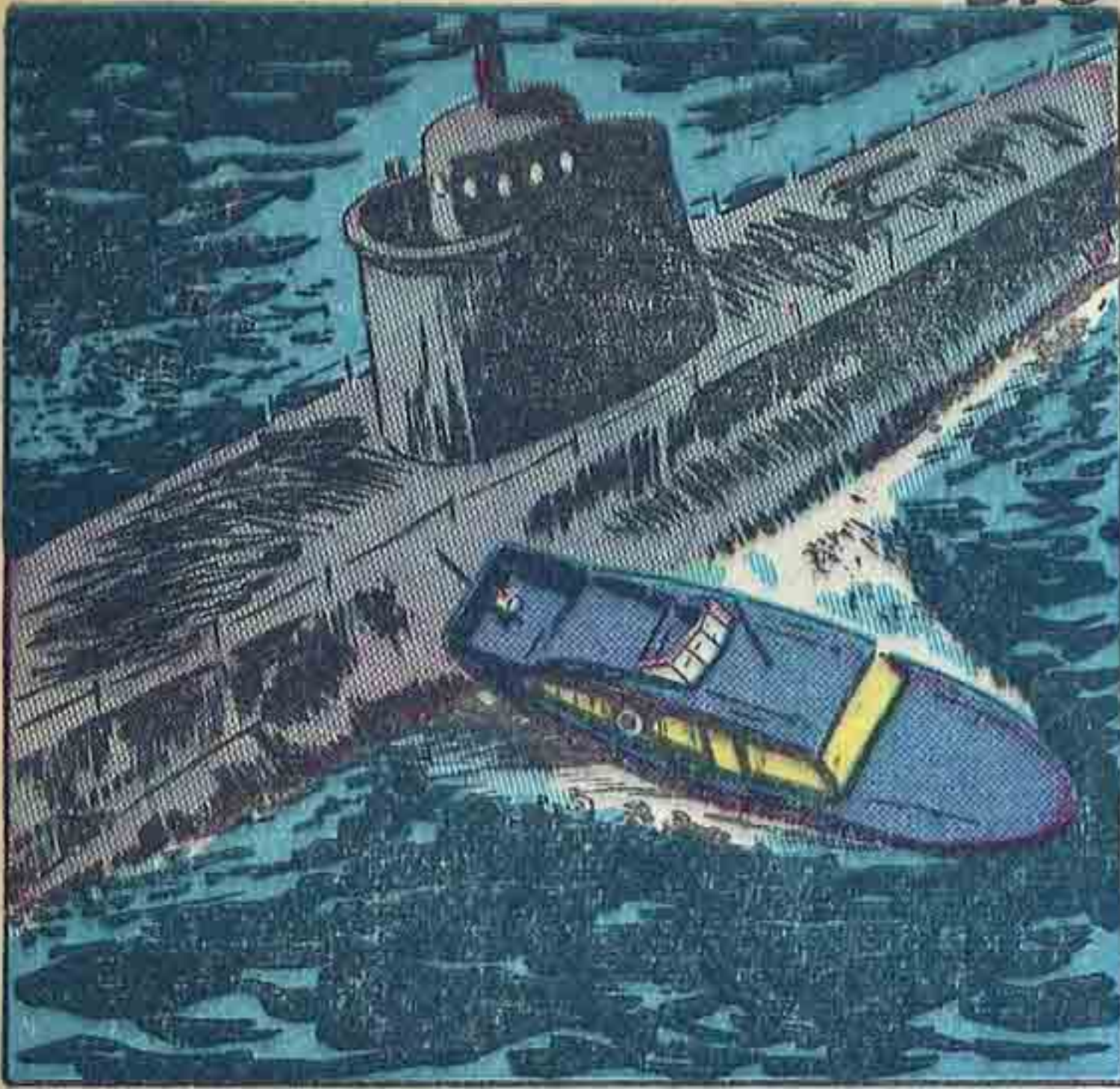
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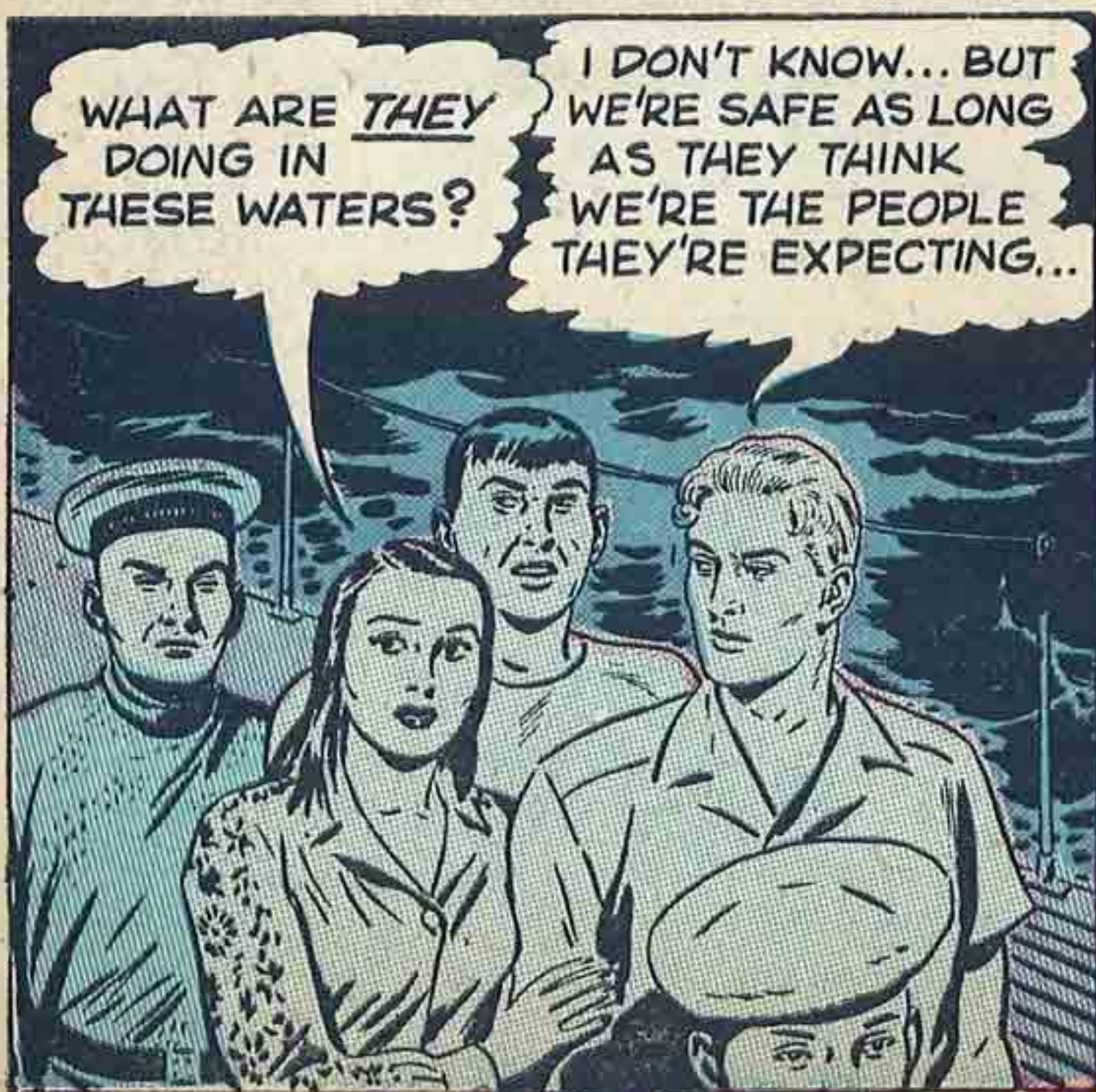
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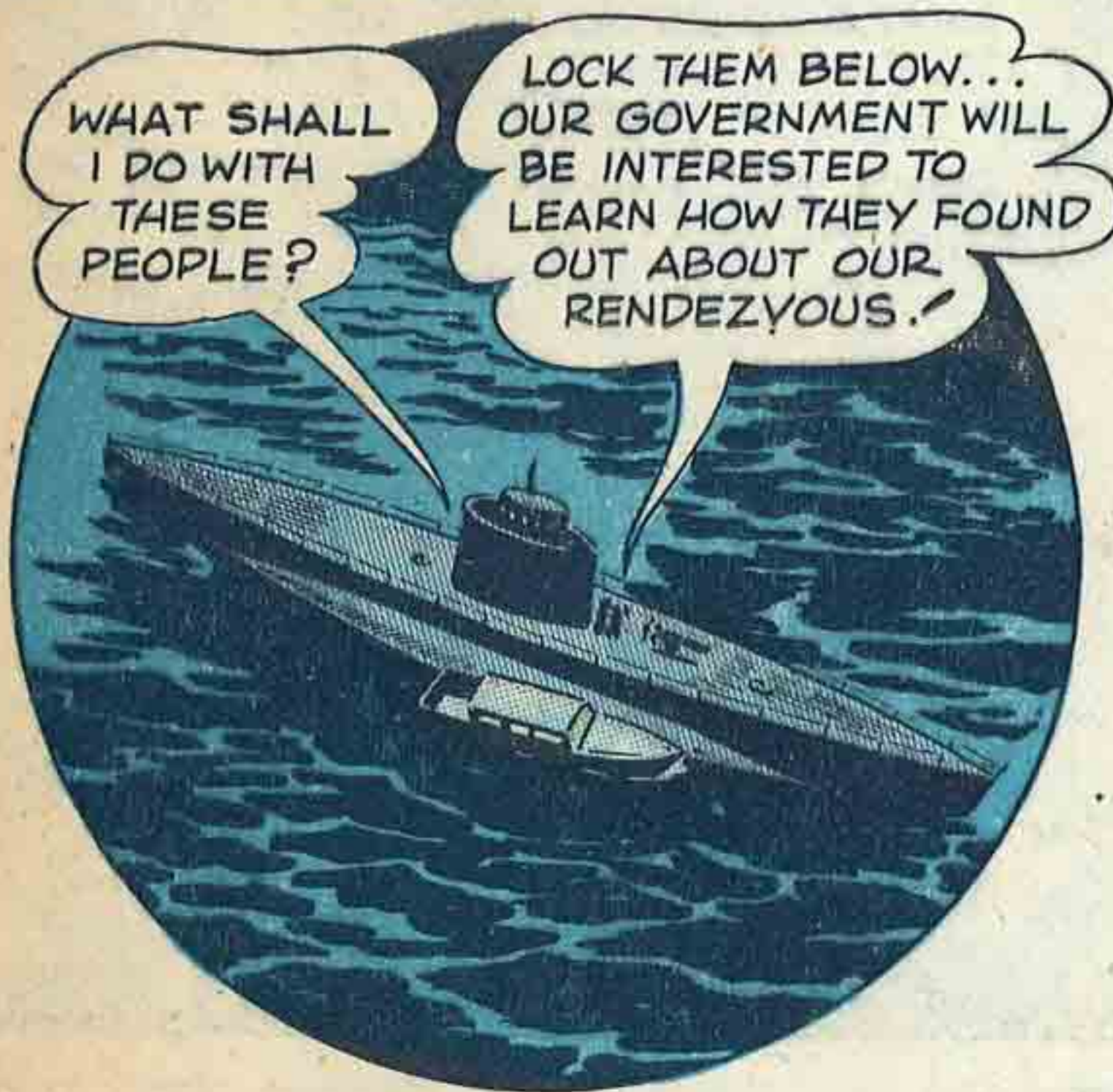
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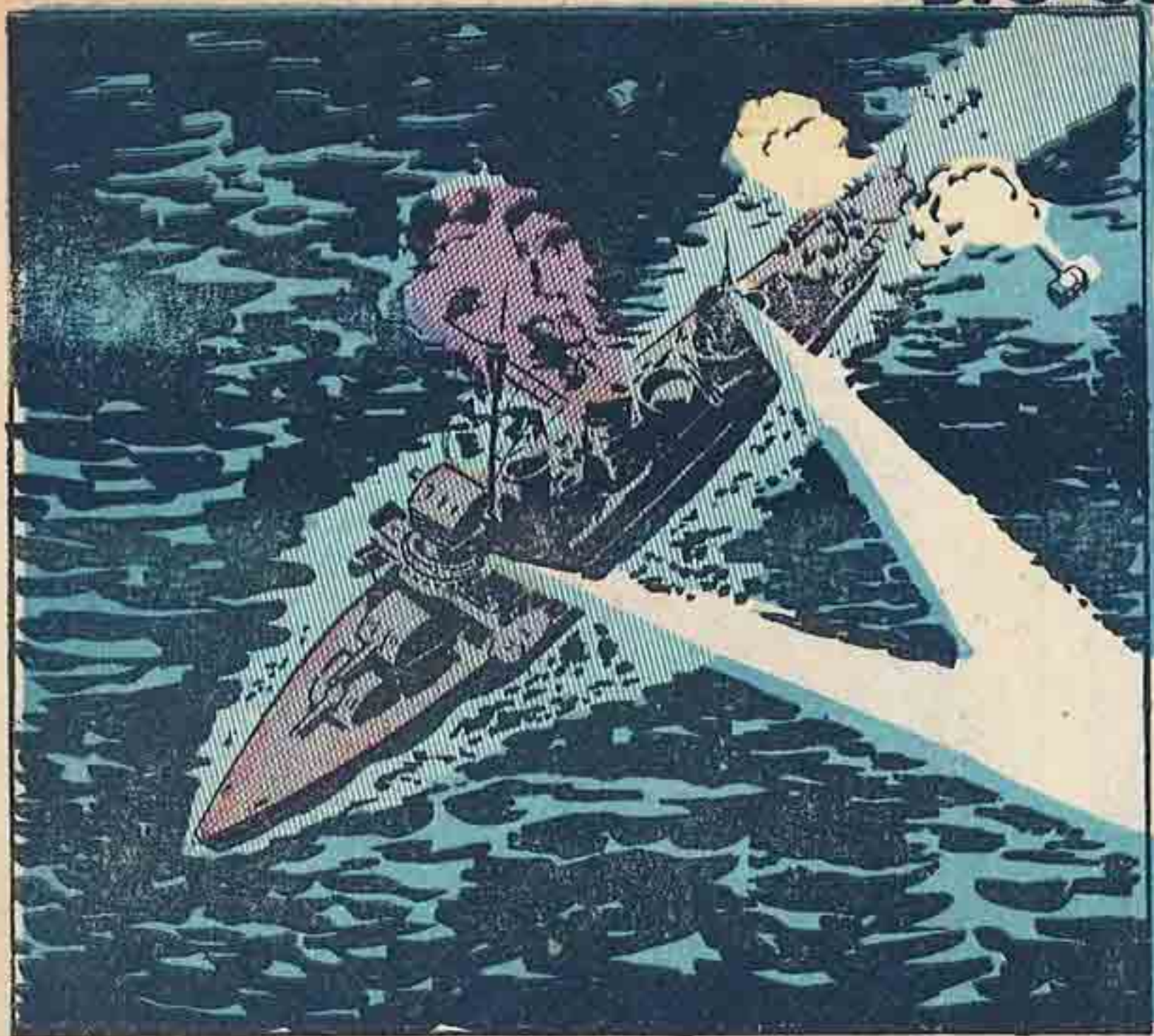
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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Amazing NEW TOY GUN



"Shoots" Like a Real Gun

IS'NT MY NEW GUN A HONEY?

HELP! HELP! THE BANK'S BEEN ROBBED!

LET'S GET OUT A HERE BILLY!

WAIT, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

JEEZ! THE KID'S GOT A REAL GUN KILLER!

GEE WHIZ, BILLY! IT SHOTS JUST LIKE A REAL GUN! LET'S PLAY G-MAN

GOOD WORK, BILLY. WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE CROOKS FOR A LONG TIME...

YOU FOOLED US, KID. I THOUGHT THAT GUN WAS A REAL ONE!

BILLY, YOU SAVED THE BANK. HERE'S YOUR REWARD!

THANK YOU MR. BANKER, BUT MY NEW GUN DESERVES THE CREDIT

OH BOY! I'M GOING TO SEND FOR MY GUN TODAY.

YOU BET! IT'S SO EASY. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON. IN A FEW DAYS YOUR GUN WILL ARRIVE THEN THE FUN BEGINS.

ONLY \$1.00

INCLUDES 10,000 SHOTS

Completely Safe

Here is the gun that will thrill every boy. When you pull the trigger, it cracks out like a real gun and smoke puffs out of the muzzle. The American Rangers

Automatic is a quick-acting, repeating pistol that never misses. It shoots 60 to 75 shots without re-loading. Looks like a real gun. Absolutely SAFE. Contains no explosives. Each gun comes boxed with 10,000 shots of smoke powder or enough ammunition to last a full year. This smoke powder is harmless. Will not hurt the eyes and may even be eaten. Only \$1.00 each or 3 guns for \$2.00. Only limited quantity available. Write for yours NOW.

SEND NO MONEY

Try 10 Days At Our Risk

Just send name and address. On arrival, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage for one gun, or \$2.00 plus postage for 3 guns. If not completely satisfied, return and your money refunded. Save money. If you send cash with order, we pay postage. Write TODAY.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SPECIALTIES MFG. CO., Dept. 513

1367 N. Sedgwick

Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me: 1 Ranger Automatic with 10,000 shots for \$1.00
3 Ranger Automatics with 30,000 shots for \$2.00

On arrival, I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage for 1 gun, or \$2.00 plus postage for 3 guns. (Cash orders sent pre-paid.) If I am not delighted I will return in 10 days for money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SPECIALTIES MFG. CO., Dept. 513

1367 N. Sedgwick

Chicago 10, Ill.

Which One of these Multi-Colored Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLDS

SHALL WE SEND YOU? Take Your Choice

America's GREATEST Value!

INCLUDED AT
NO EXTRA COST
BALL POINT PEN
KEY HOLDER
as described
below

BALL POINT PEN
and YOUR CHOICE of
BILLFOLDS
Only \$1.98



Style 536—Mexican Girl



Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



SENSATIONAL VALUE! A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene

**INCLUDED WITH YOUR
BILLFOLD
AT NO EXTRA COST!**

HANDIEST PEN EVER MADE
Fits into pocket or purse

Two tone all metal construction. Will withstand hard use. Ideal for jotting down quick notes, addresses, bridge or gin rummy scores, etc. Attached key chain handy for car or house keys.



Cap
Screws
Closed

Newest precision ball point, won't blot, smear or scratch. Writes continuously for months to a year or more without refilling.



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 548—Covered Wagon

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 5004, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.
Gentlemen: Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the billfold within ten days for refund. The Ball Point Pen Key Holder as shown will be included with my Billfold.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS:

(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here:

MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE NO.

STATE